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# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER



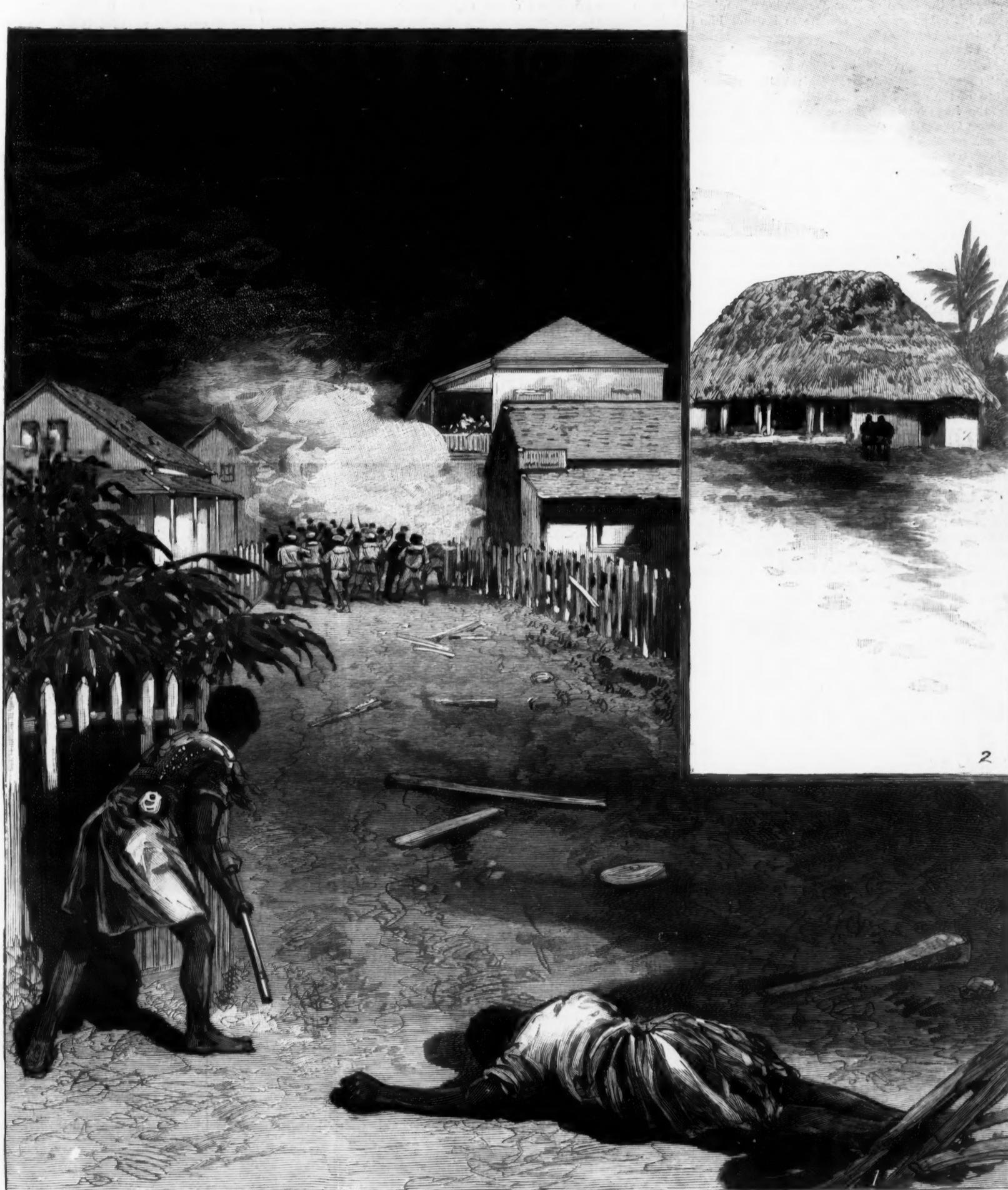
THE TRIBUNE

NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE'S  
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1889.

MEDDLING CABINET-MAKERS.

THE people of the United States who elected President Harrison will not think worse of him if he shall lose his temper and patience under the impudent efforts of politicians to dictate the choice of his Cabinet. These efforts are passing all reasonable bounds. "Callers" from all parts of the country are urging the claims of their local magnates. Petitions are poured in upon him from every quarter. Delegations of "solid men" make their pilgrimages to Indianapolis, and indulge in elaborate orations in General Harrison's parlor on the virtues of their favorite sons, and try to read their title clear to a place in the Executive Departments. And the latest scheme is to get up a "round robin" signed by the Electors of the State of New York, who, regarding themselves his actual creators, assume to instruct him in the choice of his Cabinet.

This is all wrong, and the pernicious practice should receive a check by the conspicuous failure of all such impudent efforts. They arise out of a mistaken view of the nature of the offices and the relations of the President to the incumbents. These meddlers in Cabinet-making seem to take it for granted that the headships of the seven Executive Departments are in the nature of political spoils which belong to the victors, and are to be distributed in recognition of party services, with due regard to locality. This is a debasing view of the functions of the Cabinet, and of the relations of the President to the heads of departments. Professor Bryce, in his recent great work, "The American Commonwealths," makes a suggestion which those who are harassing the President-elect on this subject would do well to bear in mind. He says: "The so-called Cabinet is unknown to the statutes, as well as to the Constitution of the United States." Those whom we call Cabinet officers are merely the chief officers of certain departments of the Government, four in number at first, and now seven, who are provided for by separate statutes, in this form: "There shall be at the seat of Government an Executive Department known as the Department of State, and a Secretary of State who shall be the head thereof," and so on through the whole seven. There is no provision for any action by these officers as a collective body, nor any mention of a Cabinet or Privy Council. The President is the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, and the responsible head of the Government. The heads of the several departments are responsible to him, and not, like the English Ministry, to the people. To quote again from Professor Bryce: "They are not a Government, as Europeans understand the term; they are a group of heads of departments, whose chief, though he usually consults them separately, is sometimes glad to bring them together to talk about politics."

This is not, however, quite a full statement of the matter. These gentlemen, in the practical working of our system, have all become the confidential advisers of the President. He gets them into his room pretty regularly, and talks to them very confidentially about politics and all grave matters of his Administration. They should be friends on whom he can lean, and counselors in whom he can confide, and they should be friends who can trust each other. They are not mere pieces of executive machinery working in their separate grooves. They are also the President's political household, upon whom he relies for help in the grave duties for which he is alone responsible to the people.

Therefore these persistent efforts to force his choice are wholly inexcusable. He appoints these officers just as he does all others, under the power given to him by the Constitution. But as to these, especially, he should be free to suit himself. He should be trammelled by no considerations of locality, or supposed political obligations. Upon a wise choice will depend greatly his own peace of mind in his arduous duties, and the success of his Administration.

From some recent indications, it seems clear that he means to have his own way, and that what President Woolsey once called the "uncommon anxiety" of these Cabinet-makers will be discouraged for the future.

AD VALOREM DUTIES MUST GO.

THE anomalous condition of things in the appraising branch of the New York Custom-house is largely due to the continuance of the impracticable *ad valorem* system of assessing duties. So long as this system continues, charges of frauds on the revenue will load down the newspapers, and all rival ports will join in a never-ending cry about undervaluations at the Port of New York. It is not pleasant, nor is it right, to have our leading merchants perpetually charged with the crime of the undervaluation of their goods, especially when they are paying duties on overvaluations, as is often the case. And it is ruinously demoralizing to the Civil Service to have faithful appraising officers accused of fraud every time they commit an error of judgment. But all this is

inseparable from the *ad valorem* system. It is impossible, from the nature of things, to accurately ascertain the foreign-market value of three thousand classes of merchandise purchased at three hundred foreign ports on three hundred different days in the year. The man who pretends that he can do this is not an expert; he is only an ass. It is an indisputable fact that no two experts agree upon the dutiable value of any two invoices of goods. On the percentage of damage to a lot of damaged merchandise, ten merchant experts, when called upon, once gave ten distinctly different opinions. And yet the Government pays rebates of duties in gold, amounting to millions, on the judgment of customs experts whose allowances in identical cases will vary from ten to thirty per cent. All this proves that paying duties according to the value of imports is a very pretty theory, but is an ugly and unjust thing when reduced to practice.

The true rule is that specific duties should be imposed upon all goods that from their nature admit of their application. The specific principle has been favored by every Secretary of the Treasury, save three, from Alexander Hamilton to Daniel Manning, and by every customs expert, without one known exception. Where merchandise does not admit of the application of specific duties, such as clocks, watches, toys, etc., the duties can then only be assessed according to their approximate value. As their actual foreign-market value is not ascertainable, a more or less serious loss to the revenue is unavoidable, so long as any duties are imposed upon such goods.

Under the existing complex system of *ad valorem*, compound and specific rates, the labors and responsibilities of the Chief Appraiser at the Port of New York are greater than any one man should be asked to assume. He appraises in the eye of the law over a million dollars' worth of merchandise every day in the year. He passes upon the values of over three-fourths of all the imports admitted at all the ports in the United States. He exercises a larger discretionary power than any Federal officer, save one, outside of the Cabinet. He deals with questions surpassed only in financial magnitude by those dealt with by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Interior. He has all the other ports to instruct and then contend with, because they carry on a perpetual warfare against New York. If he is upright and impartial, he has the domestic manufacturers to fight, because he has no preference for them; and if he shows no leaning to the importers, the latter denounce him as wanting in sympathy with the men who pay the taxes that carry on the Government. With the special agents of the Treasury he has an unending fight, unless he vacates his chair for each one who comes in sight, and begs him kindly to run his entire department so long as he can make it convenient to remain in the city. And lastly, the scurvy politicians torment him daily, and daily lie about him, because he does not give to each one of five hundred all the patronage he has at his disposal.

Is it to be wondered at, in the face of these facts, that an Appraiser of but thirty-seven years' experience should not have attained that ideal standard of perfection which has been reached by a Fairchild, a Bayard and a Garland?

THE REVOLUTION IN DELAWARE.

A N event of consequence, for considerations other than those of a purely partisan character, is the election of Anthony Higgins, by the Delaware Legislature, to succeed Eli Saulsbury in the United States Senate. The reputation of Mr. Higgins justifies the belief that he will prove a valuable addition to the Republican side of the Senate; but his election also shows that the pocket-borough system in Delaware has received a fatal blow. No other State has furnished an exact parallel to the political situation in Delaware. There have been examples of personal supremacy like those furnished by Calhoun and Clay in the South, by Webster at one time in Massachusetts, by Zach Chandler in Michigan, by the Camerons for some time in Pennsylvania, or by Blaine in Maine; but there has been nothing like the Saulsbury and Bayard rule in Delaware. The Adams family in Massachusetts furnished a case very similar to that of the Bayard family, so far as mere heredity in politics is concerned, but in other respects the likeness is imperfect. There have been examples elsewhere of gerrymandering, of the carving out of election districts for the special advantage of one party or another; but Delaware may fairly be said to stand by itself.

The curious and anomalous system under which two families have dominated the State dates back to the Administration of President Taylor. The latter's Secretary of State, John M. Clayton, devised a plan to make Delaware a pocket borough. He prepared a new Constitution, which gave the three counties of Delaware—Newcastle, Kent and Sussex—equal representation in the Legislature, and it was then provided that the Constitution could only be submitted to the people for amendment in case two-thirds of the Legislature so decided. Meantime, Newcastle County, containing a larger population than the other two together, has continued to have only the same representation as each of the others. Kent and Sussex have naturally combined to perpetuate their power, and the history of fifty years has proved the truth of Clayton's boast that he "had locked up Delaware and thrown away the key." The Bayards have

been supreme in the northern county since the Revolution, and representatives of four generations have occupied seats in the United States Senate. Some thirty years ago, when the Saulsburys came forward, a compact was made by which each side agreed not to poach upon the other's preserves. The arrangement worked perfectly. There was a Bayard in the Senate until the present representative entered President Cleveland's Cabinet and was succeeded by Gray. One of the Saulsbury brothers has held a Senatorial seat for over thirty years. But the dynasty ended in some dissension, the Bayard power was weakened, and in the recent campaign one of the legislative seats, heretofore Democratic, was allowed to go by default. The result was a Republican majority of one on joint ballot, and the final election of the first Republican Senator ever chosen in Delaware.

The overthrow of this strange system of representation, almost feudal in its spirit, which has prevailed for so many years, is matter of public rejoicing. It is a sign of evolution, of advance towards the true American idea of fair and equal popular representation. It is true there is the practical obstacle that two-thirds of the Legislature must agree to refer the Constitution to a popular vote on any question of amendment, and the Republicans have now a majority of only one on joint ballot. But Delaware cannot permit the disgrace of this un-American system of representation to remain. There is an opportunity to prove that the true idea of popular representation is superior to partisan or sectional considerations, and the members of the Delaware Legislature can set a noble example at a time when such an example of disinterested patriotism is much needed.

THE POSITION AND PROSPECT IN IRELAND.

THE people of Ireland have had a dismal time of it for the past twelve months. Chief Secretary Balfour has been exercising to the fullest extent the powers conferred upon him by the severest Coercion Act of the present century. Force, which John Bright once declared to be no remedy, has been the only remedy employed by Mr. Balfour. Police raids on peaceful meetings, sending men to jail for political speeches, and ejecting impoverished farmers from their wretched homes, has been very much the Government programme throughout the year. From an address delivered in Dublin some days ago by Mr. Clancy, M.P., we learn that "within the last twelve or eighteen months" the Administration has been "responsible for about twenty murders, the imprisonment of two thousand men for political offenses, and the eviction of at least ten thousand farmers." We presume the "murders" referred to include such cases as that of John Mandeville, who, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury, died of disease brought on by harsh treatment in jail. It may be somewhat of an exaggeration to describe this case as one of murder, yet it must be admitted that it is a gross outrage that men like Mandeville, a gentleman farmer, highly respected in his locality, should be put into jail and treated like convicted burglars, for no other offense than that of taking prominent part in a political agitation.

The theory that these men are criminals is wholly absurd and untenable. Nine out of every ten Irishmen and the entire body of British Liberals regard them as honorable men and true patriots, whose policy and methods are fully justified by the political and social condition of their country. Mr. Balfour has been trying to do what Edmund Burke declared to be impossible—he has been trying to indict a nation. In throwing two thousand Irish patriots into prison, amongst the number being priests, members of Parliament, mayors of cities, doctors, lawyers and respectable farmers, he has practically arraigned all Ireland as a nation of criminals. The "criminals" are the trusted leaders and representatives of the people. No jury, impartially chosen, could be found in the whole country, outside the small Orange district of which Belfast is the centre, who would convict one of them on any of the charges on which they have been condemned to degrading penalties by judges notoriously partisan, and appropriately designated "Removable" because they hold their offices at the pleasure of the Executive.

Of the evictions it is hardly possible to speak in language less vehement than Archbishop Croke has employed in a letter this week, transmitting £50 to the fund for the relief of the victims. The Archbishop believes "there is no other land, savage or civilized, where such scandalous and unchristian-like scenes could be enacted without a fierce contest and even bloodshed," and he denounces "the sending of Crown forces to demolish the dwellings of the poor for the benefit of the pampered few" as "a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance." The terms of this protest will not be considered much too strong, when it is understood that the people evicted are excluded from the benefits of the land legislation of recent years, and that all of value on their farms, with the exception of the "prairie value" of the land, is the product of their own labor, unaided by contribution of any kind from the landlords. Tenants who have the misfortune to be in arrears, as the great bulk of the smaller farmers are, owing to the exorbitant rents of past years, are barred out of the courts. Before a case for rent-reduction can be presented the applicant must have cleared off all arrears. Under such circumstances the mass of the small farmers are at the mercy of the landlords, and to what extent the average Irish landlord is influenced by considerations of mercy the current history of Ireland abundantly shows.

This is the dark side of the Irish picture, but there is a bright side which presents a prospect hopeful and encouraging. The Irish National party, backed by a united people, and directed by a leader able, prudent and sagacious, continues, in spite of all provocation, to stand by the policy of peaceful and constitutional effort. Its demands are recognized by all fair-minded men as strictly within the limits of moderation and justice. The great Liberal party of England and its illustrious chief, the victor in every cause he has espoused, are pledged to the work of effecting a union of friendship with Ireland. From the results of the recent by-elections in England and Scotland, as well as from other indications, there is assurance that the next Parliament will be one in which the Liberal party will have a majority in the Commons sufficient to enable it to place on the statute-book a measure of Home Rule that shall be satisfactory to the Irish people.

IN RESTRAINT OF MARRIAGE.

THE serio-comic discussion suggested by Mrs. Mona Caird's now famous conundrum, "Is Marriage a Failure?" that has been so perseveringly carried on, with more or less want of appreciation of

the real issues involved, by the English and American press, appears to have left out of the question one potent factor that, among the well-to-do classes and in the larger cities of both countries, is certainly yearly decreasing the number of those who seek happiness in matrimony. We refer to the constantly increasing efforts of landlords and others to ameliorate the condition of the average bachelor of moderate means, and surround him with those comforts that up to a recent period he could only hope to secure by boldly casting his lot with the Benedictines.

In this city, within the last year or two, in nearly every fashionable quarter, furnished flats have been thrown open to the occupancy of single gentlemen, provided with all the latest improvements and luxuries, and where, waited upon by his own servants, the fancy-free tenant can enjoy a far greater degree of comfort and independence than he could afford to purchase were he burdened with the expensive incumbrance of a family. Nor is his *confrère* in London less well looked after, the latest effort to encourage his celibate tendencies being the conversion of Lord Strafford's house in St. James's Square—one of the most select of West End neighborhoods—into a luxurious home for single gentlemen. Tenants will be rented spacious sleeping-apartments at an average rental of, say, \$500 a year, which they must furnish, but will receive, in addition, attendance, and have the use of drawing, dining and visitors' rooms, furnished with all the necessary appliances. Visitors may be received at any time during the day, and arrangements are to be made for private dinners and other festivities.

Whether or not this particular speculation will succeed—and it must be admitted that the average Englishman is not fond of residing permanently in hotels—there is little doubt that the movement to place the unmarried man on par with, and even elevate him above, his married brother, is destined to have far-reaching social consequences. When the former can live not only in luxury, but in actual splendor, with liveried servants, a first-rate cook and an unexceptionable cellar at his command, for at least fifty per cent. less than he would have to spend in living on an infinitely more modest scale were he married, it is not surprising if he should postpone indefinitely entering upon life in common with one of the opposite sex, be she ever so charming. Nor when he takes up his daily paper in this narrow view of the case strongly combated. On the contrary, a glance at the proceedings of the divorce courts, and the infelicities of married people that are daily paraded in print, must have a tendency to confirm him in his selfish resolution. It is undeniable that marriage in large cities, for people of moderate incomes, means a less inviting mode of life than that which lies seductively open to him who determines to remain single. And it must also be taken into consideration that while the latter may reasonably look forward to keeping his expenses within a certain limit, the married man is often compelled to anxiously count the pennies, as he finds that the first five years of his experiment have considerably added to the aggregate of his annual outlay.

Discrediting as this aspect of the marriage question may be to those who believe, and rightly, in the superiority of "double" over single blessedness, it may not prove altogether unproductive of beneficial results if it tends to greater circumspection on the part of those who contemplate making trial of the holy state of matrimony. Were the relation only entered into after thoughtful consideration, it would certainly prove, in the majority of cases, a happier one. Of course there will always be more or less of friction and unhappiness—poor human nature is chargeable with that—but this may be reduced to a minimum by proper care being taken by intending candidates. The reckless manner in which the most important of human undertakings is too often essayed, and the total ignoring of the gravest defects of character, are the fruitful causes that render marriage, in many instances, a failure. The remedy lies not in abrogating the institution, but in reforming methods that can only lead to disappointment and misery.

#### WILL THE JEW DISAPPEAR?

BARON HIRSCH, of Paris, who has made for the cause of education in Russia one of the most magnificent gifts ever known—nothing less than 100,000,000 francs—looks forward to a time in the near future when the Jewish race and sect shall have disappeared by fusion in the Christian world. His words are, as reported: "The salvation of the Jews is assimilation. Let them be amalgamated by Christianity and merged in Christianity. Let the fusion be complete; let the Jewish isolation be broken down; let the Jews as a distinct sect disappear. This is the tendency of the age. This will be the solution of the Jewish question, and a blessing to civilization."

The first election that presents itself to Baron Hirsch's statement is that there is no such thing known to Christendom as a "Jewish question." Germany and Russia and Roumania, and, in a lesser degree, Austria, have a Jewish question, but the Christian world, outside of those countries, has no such bugbear. M. Drumont's book has no more to do with the true state of French opinion and French conduct on this subject than the adventures of Baron Munchausen. The book was made to sell, and it sold well. France was the first nation to practice thoroughly and unhesitatingly what it preached with regard to the absolute equality of men, without distinction of creed or race; and it continues as it began. Inherited prejudice survives here and there in one form or another, but the spirit of the modern world is more and more inflexibly determined to secure for every man absolute freedom of conscience.

Baron Hirsch must know this quite as well as any one; and if he looks forward to the merging of the Jews in the Christians, this can only be because he sees that growing intelligence and closer intercommunication must inevitably do away, in the long course of time, with the barriers of race and religion which have so long divided men from men. As a Jew, speaking to men of his own faith, he prophesies their assimilation with the other civilized races, but his words imply, logically, the disappearance of all narrow distinctions. So considered, they must command the assent of all thinking men; and if the full fruition of this philosophical principle is still remote, it cannot be held to be a dream. Those who have visited France, not merely to worsen their French and their morals, but to learn, have not failed to remark the obliteration, in some cases quite complete, of the Jewish type among the Frenchmen of undoubted Hebrew race. This is the result of the absolute freedom and equality enjoyed by the French Jews for the past ninety years. Politically and socially they are known only as Frenchmen. They think the thoughts, they cherish the interests, they live the lives, of Frenchmen; and they are French like the rest. What ninety years have done in France, Baron Hirsch believes can be done in time for the rest of the civilized world by the same influences. When he speaks of the absorption of his race by the Christians, it ought to be remembered that civilization and Christianity are so commonly held to be convertible terms that it is not easy to avoid confusion in using them. The isolation of the Jews is to be broken down, not to the advantage of any Christian Church, but by the operation of the forces which represent civiliza-

tion and are called Christian because they work with the greatest energy among the Christian nations.

To interpret Baron Hirsch's thought in any other sense were to do him injustice, for it would imply that he held the doctrines of Judaism to be incompatible with progress; and there could be no greater absurdity. The vitality of the Hebrew faith is not in its forms, but in its central truths, and these must endure till the heaven and the earth pass away.

#### REMOVAL OF APPRAISER McMULLEN.

THE defeated and discredited National Administration, within fifty-four days of the end of its existence, has seen fit to remove from office Lewis McMullen, who has been doing his whole duty as an appraising officer for thirty-seven years. As Mr. McMullen's appointment as United States Appraiser was pronounced by this journal, at the time it was made, the best that had been made by the President, so now it becomes our duty to characterize his removal as the most discreditable of a long line of unjustifiable removals. That the daily press takes this view is material only so far as it reflects an almost universal public opinion. The important fact is that all officers and former officers of the customs service, who have had the fullest knowledge of the workings of the Appraiser's Department, including Collectors Arthur, Merritt and Robertson; Appraisers Darling, French, Dutcher and Howard, and General Appraisers Heyl, Briggs and Meredith, have left on record evidences of their high appreciation of Expert McMullen's almost unparalleled services. Although an outspoken Democrat, he was retained in office by six Republican Appraisers. As an expert in cutlery and in all classes of metal goods, he had no superior in the United States. He was on duty before nine in the morning, and always worked an hour or more after office hours. He never lost a day in thirty-seven years, from ill-health or from any other cause. Although filling positions through which he could have profited to the extent of millions, he goes out of office a comparatively poor man.

The attempts to justify the summary dismissal of this faithful and experienced public officer are put forth in letters from the President and Secretary, which are more than answered by the officer they seek to disgrace. Aside from vague, general insinuations, the only specific complaint is that the Appraiser would not recommend as many removals as the Treasury Department wished to make in the alleged interest of so-called "reform." A sufficient answer to that charge is that the law vests in the Appraiser the discretionary power, without limitation or control, to recommend such appointments or removals as he, in his judgment, may see fit. The attempt, therefore, to coerce this head of a great department to do what his own conscience did not approve was an unlawful act on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury, which rendered him liable to the penalties of impeachment. But aside from this, who was the better judge of what the public interests required, an officer who had been studying the workings of the Appraiser's Department for more than a third of a century, or one who had been giving some attention to that subject for one year and a half? If the removal of Sugar Expert Remsen is a specimen of the kind of removals that Mr. Fairchild desired Appraiser McMullen to recommend, then the latter was manifestly right in refusing to aid in the perpetration of such a disgraceful act. An officer of twenty years' experience, whose expert knowledge at least equals that of any known expert in the customs service, and whose reputation for integrity is as high as that of any clergyman in New York, is dismissed without a hearing on the recommendation of the Boston Appraiser who had been filling the New York office just three days and a half. What can Appraiser Stearns possibly know about the business or the force in the Appraiser's Department in New York under six months? One year is the shortest time within which any one can master the complex details of a department whose work supplies the Government with the bulk of its revenue. Let a halt be called on these unwarranted removals.

THE Republicans of Pennsylvania seem to have cut loose, finally and entirely, from the saloon. They gave the State its excellent high-license law, and now they have resolved, in a legislative caucus, to submit the Prohibition Amendment to popular vote at a special election on June 18th next. No doubt is entertained as to the adoption of the amendment by the people, and thus the arrogant liquor interest, which might have postponed final prohibition by a frank acceptance of proper restrictive measures, will find itself branded with outlawry, as it deserves, in the Keystone State of the Union.

THE President-elect does not propose to be a mere tool of the office-seekers, or to be made uncomfortable by their importunities. He means, too, to put the responsibility for appointments where it properly belongs. In a recent utterance he said: "I am going to put the responsibility back as much as possible on the people who make recommendations for office. I hope no Republican will sign a petition unless he is fully satisfied of the merits of the petitioner. I want the distribution of patronage to go on a purely business principle, and I have no use for men who will sign a petition to me merely as a personal or political favor to an applicant for office."

THE House of Representatives last week showed its want of confidence in "Premier" Mills and his Free-trade Ways and Means Committee by referring a Bill for the repeal of the tax on tobacco to the committee of which Mr. Randall is chairman. It is believed that the Bill, if reported, will pass the House, unless filibustering should be resorted to as a means of defeating it. Over twenty Democrats voted with the Republicans on the question of reference, and there are other members of the same party who are understood to be opposed to any further support of the revenue policy advocated by the President in his last two annual Messages.

THE President continues to send nominations to the Senate, and there are now 344 in the hands of Senate Committees, where the majority of them will probably remain until the 4th of March. Many Democratic Senators express themselves as unable to see the wisdom or necessity of making, in the last hours of the Administration, appointments to offices which run for four years, or for almost the entire period of the incoming régime. No public interest will suffer from the failure to fill existing vacancies, and it is perhaps safe to assume that General Harrison will appoint to office men quite the equals, in point of capacity and general fitness, of the appointees of Mr. Cleveland.

THE letters said to have been received at Zanzibar, and later at Brussels and in London, from Stanley, give assurances of his safety so late as the month of August, 1888, and of that of Emin in May of last year. This is so far well, and would be satisfactory if there were any one to vouch for the authenticity of the letters; but this

essential requisite is wanting in every instance. The civilized world is eager for news of Stanley and of Emin; but no man can honestly say that he has learned anything as to either one of them from the telegrams and dispatches made public within the last four months. The outside world is still in absolute darkness as to what may or may not have happened in the neighborhood of the Albert Nyanza. If real intelligence, good or bad, has been received, why is it not put forth at once with name and date, and under responsible authority? If nothing is known, why are documents made up? Some of the phrases in the so-called Stanley letter of August 17th are, word for word, the same as those in the letter to Major Barttelot, published a year ago. Coincidences do not necessarily prove fabrication, but they do excite suspicion, and they seem to justify the gravest apprehensions.

ACCORDING to the correspondence regarding Samoa transmitted by the President to the Senate, there has not been the listlessness on the part of the Administration of which some journals have complained. There has been a constant insistence, through proper diplomatic channels, that the autonomy and independence of Samoa should be preserved, according to the treaty made with Samoa by Germany and Great Britain. The protests to which the President refers, and the constant maintenance of one or more war-vessels at Samoa, are really all that we can do. There has been a great deal of foolish talk, but the fact is that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply to Samoa, and it is our fixed policy to avoid foreign entanglements. In Samoa, Germany and Great Britain are simply fighting for supremacy over the head of the American Consul, as the situation has been aptly described. Talk of an American protectorate, the cession of a coaling-station, and a treaty in the interest of San Francisco has been ill-advised, because it involves an interference contrary to our traditions. It is certain that Germany has been seriously at fault, but it is by no means clear that there has been too much American diplomatic zeal at Samoa. Of course, the situation is a trying one, but the control of Samoa and European complications are none of our affair, unless the life and property of Americans need direct protection.

IT is encouraging to learn that the important subject of physical culture is receiving general attention at the hands of our leading educators. According to a paper read before the Anthropological Society of New York, Harvard University has spent \$110,000; Amherst, \$65,000; Cornell, \$40,000; Princeton, \$38,000; Johns Hopkins, \$10,000; and Yale (since 1860), \$13,000; while Vassar proposes to spend \$20,000, in enabling students to acquire "the healthy mind in the healthy body." Nor are the minor seats of learning far behind the great universities. The Adelphi School in Brooklyn has accommodations for the proper exercising of 700 pupils, while Facker Institute, in the same city, and Exeter Academy have particularly fine gymnasiums. The Berkeley School in New York proposes to spend \$75,000 in furnishing an athletic training department for women, and, taken altogether, the colleges have expended in the provision of facilities for instruction in gymnastics \$750,000; the preparatory schools, \$250,000; the athletic associations in this city and vicinity, quite \$750,000; the German Turn Vereins, \$2,500,000; and the Young Men's Christian Associations of the country, nearly as much. To this astounding total of \$6,750,000 must be added the \$125,000 that Yale is anxious to invest for the same object, and \$135,000 with which Columbia proposes to follow suit. With this enormous outlay, and the intelligent interest in the question which it inspires, it will be strange indeed if the rising generation does not prove to be well cared for in this respect.

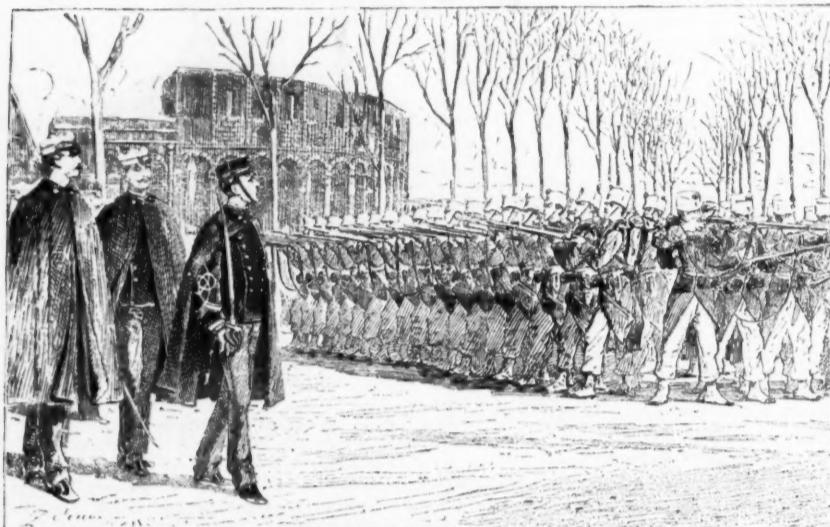
MR. HENRY G. MARQUAND's noble gift of paintings by "old masters" to the Metropolitan Museum has not been unexpected, but it is none the less profoundly welcome. The Jarves collection of "old masters" in the Museum is for the most part composed of indifferent works, often difficult of identification. Although the Historical Society possesses excellent examples of many of the great schools of painting, these pictures are inaccessible to the public, and to be seen only under most unfavorable conditions. In other cities there are plenty of alleged "old masters," but examples of genuine worth are very rare. Mr. Marquand's Vandyke, a portrait of the Duke of Richmond, is a picture of the first quality, evidently painted throughout by the master's hand. Turner's "Saltash" is a beautiful example of the earlier second period, and the two landscapes by Constable are noble illustrations of largeness of design, although the color leaves something to be desired. Gainsborough's rare feeling for color is set forth in a large *genre* portrait; and two small portraits by Velasquez illustrate to some extent the charm of the greatest Spanish colorist. The Lansdowne Rembrandt, portraits by Ovens and Hoogstraaten, paintings assigned to Masaccio and Lucas van Leyden, a portrait by Rubens, Madonna assigned to Van Eyck, and examples of the Dutch *genre* painters, are among the other paintings of the Marquand collection. Some of the examples of early Italian and Flemish art may be difficult of exact ascertainment, but the question does not materially lessen the educational value of this superb collection. It is said that the collection cost Mr. Marquand three-quarters of a million, but the money value is the least consideration. It is to be hoped that this noble example may be followed by others.

IT appears that Delphi, in Greece, where Apollo prophesied for a thousand years, and the Amphictyonic Council sat, may now be purchased by Americans for the purpose of explorations. The Germans have Olympia, the site of the most famous temple of Jupiter, where they have been excavating with rich results. The Greeks are working at the Acropolis in Athens, and the English and Americans in other places. France, Germany and England have had schools in Greece for study and exploration for some years. The American school has been maintained for six years since its foundation by the Archeological Institute, supported by contributions from American colleges ill able to give. Delphi is regarded as the richest of all sites, and it can now be had for \$80,000. The village of Castri, on its site, must be bought and removed. To raise this sum, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, recently came to New York and laid the matter before a few prominent gentlemen at the house of Bishop Potter. He pointed out that if there is any value whatever in the study of the art and literature and philosophy of the ancient world, it must hereafter, in order to be pursued effectively, be pursued in connection with the explorations which are being carried on, both in Asia and Europe, on the sites of Greek and Roman and Egyptian cities and temples. These explorations have already almost revolutionized our knowledge of the Greek and Roman world. The excavation of Delphi would be attended with results of the profoundest consequence. No such opportunity has been presented to Americans. In New York there are men ready to pay \$80,000 for a single picture which may especially appeal to them. There is no lack of money. Is American culture sufficiently ripe to furnish an appreciation of the great results of such an expenditure?

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 407.



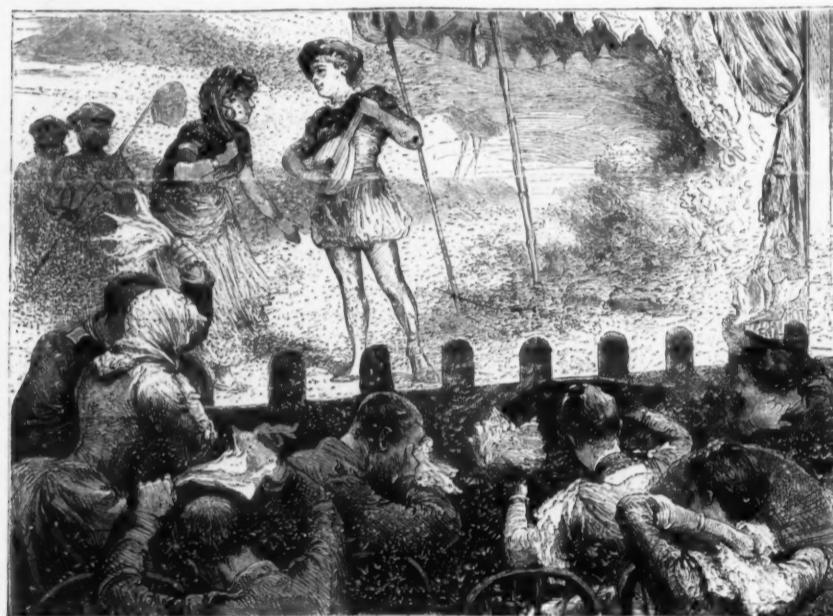
CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CRUZ, THE PORT OF TENERIFFE.



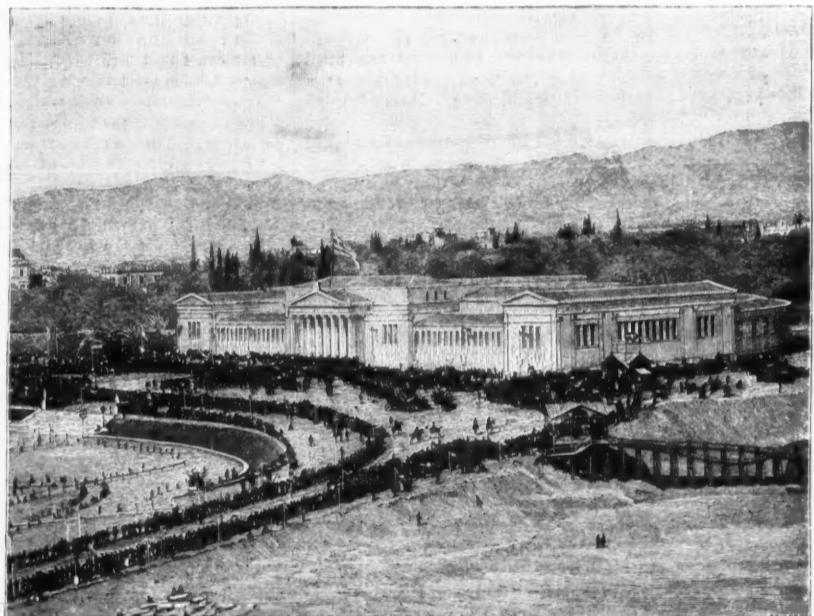
ITALY.—THE CROWN PRINCE DIRECTING MILITARY EXERCISES, AT ROME.



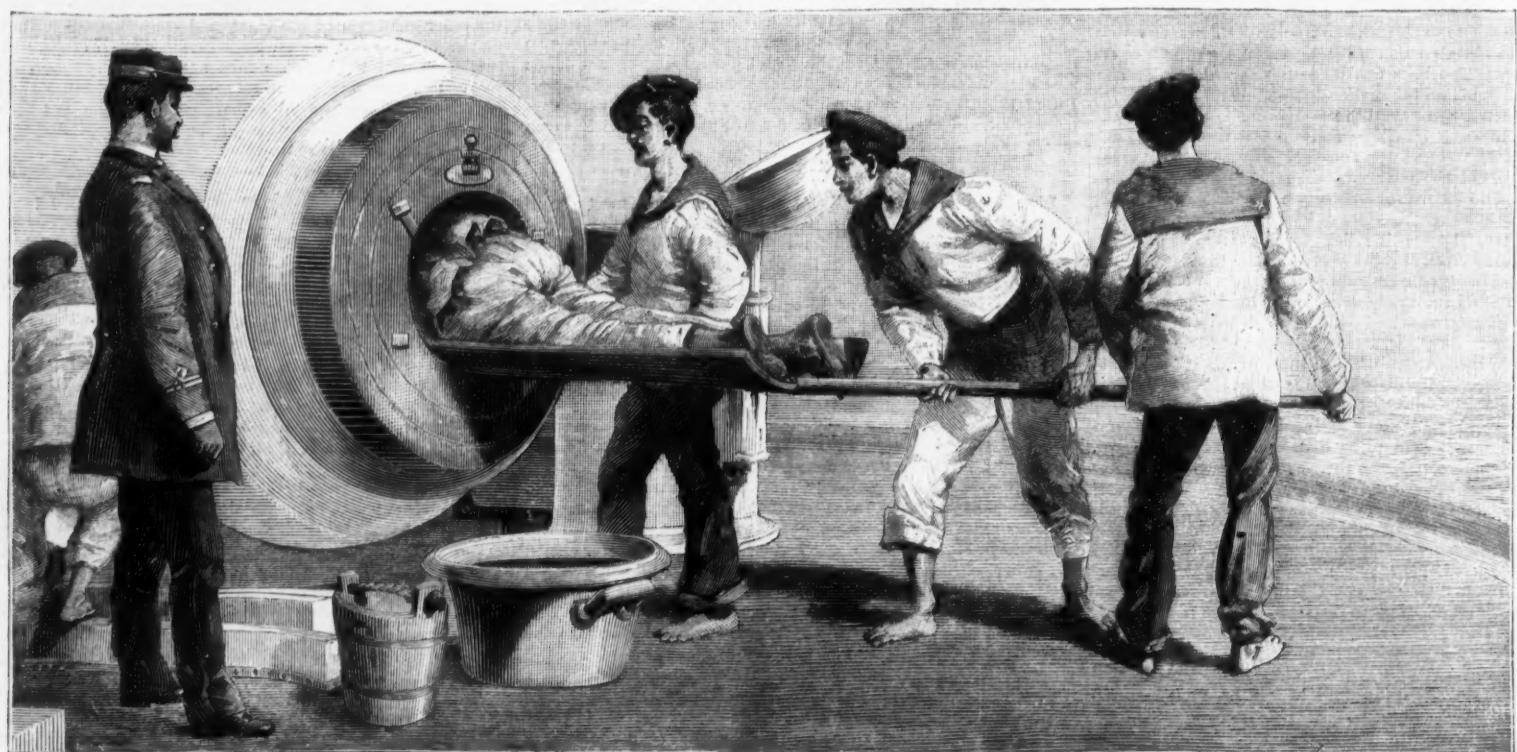
AUSTRALIA.—PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE.



INDIA.—WHITE ANTS IN A THEATRE.



GREECE.—OPENING OF THE OLYMPIAN EXPOSITION, ATHENS.



ITALY.—AT THE BREECH OF A 100-TON GUN, ON BOARD THE "ITALIA."



OHIO.—REV. BOYD VINCENT, BISHOP-ELECT OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF SOUTHERN OHIO.

REV. BOYD VINCENT,

BISHOP-ELECT OF THE P. E. CHURCH OF SOUTHERN OHIO.

REV. BOYD VINCENT, Rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, recently elected Assistant Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio, and who will be consecrated with imposing ceremonies on the 25th inst., at Cincinnati, O., is the fourth reverend gentleman of Pennsylvania who has been elected to Bishop's Orders within the past twelve months. Bishop Jagger is an invalid and has been abroad for some years (in Florence), so that Bishop Vincent will have full charge and direction of the working of the diocese upon his consecration.

Rev. Boyd Vincent was born in Erie, Pa., in 1845. His father was Mr. B. B. Vincent, a manufacturer and banker of that city—a man well known throughout the diocese as an active, generous and

influential churchman. Mr. Vincent was prepared for college at Erie Academy, and was graduated at Yale with honors in the Class of '67. He studied theology at the Berkeley School, completing his course there in 1871. In the same year Bishop Kerfoot ordained him to the diaconate, and he began his ministry as assistant to the Rev. J. F. Spaulding, then Rector of St. Paul's, Erie, and now Bishop of Colorado. The little mission of Cross and Crown, connected with St. Paul's, was the field of Mr. Vincent's first ministerial work. He had already done service there as lay-reader and superintendent of the Sunday-school. Mr. Vincent was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Kerfoot, in 1872, in St. Paul's Church. In 1874, Mr. Vincent was called to the rectorship of Calvary Church, Pittsburg, Pa. The church was at that time in very bad condition. Rev. Mr. Wilson, its former rector, a man of no little ability, earnestness and devotion, respected and loved by all his congregation, had felt it his duty to separate from the communion of the Church and give his aid to the movement led by Bishop Cummins. Mr. Wilson had resigned his rectorship and organized a Reformed Episcopal congregation. They had erected a small building almost under the eaves of the parish church, and the result was a great confusion—a considerable number of the parishioners of Calvary following their former rector. In this condition of things Mr. Vincent began his work at Calvary. And such was the impression made by his perfect fairness, his tolerance, his clear and true judgment, that the exodus received an instant check. People began to come back and get into their old places, and new people began to come in. Rev. Mr. Wilson was called to a new field, and accepted it. And not long after, the little Reformed Episcopal Church had three or four partitions put across it, and was turned into a tenement-house.

During the fourteen years of Rev. Mr. Vincent's rectorship, Calvary Parish has grown steadily. It has at present six hundred and fifteen communicants. It includes three missions, one of which, Wilkinsburg, two miles from the parish church,

has full independent services, with a communicant list of one hundred names. The rector is ably aided by two assistants; the parish is thoroughly organized for work; the parish guild has between three and four hundred members, and there are between seven and eight hundred children in the Sunday-schools. Mr. Vincent has declined several calls, notably one to St. Luke's, Germantown, as successor to Dr. Vibert, and another to the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, as successor to Dr. Leonard, now Rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C. He was one of the several clergymen who received a majority of the clerical votes several months ago at the Episcopal election in Delaware. He has been twice selected deputy to the General Convention—in 1883 and 1886. He is a member of the Diocesan Committee on Canons. Mr. Vincent has, to an unusual degree, the love of all his people, both old and young, rich and poor. And he possesses this further



DELAWARE.—HON. ANTHONY HIGGINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.

PHOTO. BY LUDOVICI.

qualification, which St. Paul thought needful for a bishop: he has "a good report of them that are without."

HON. ANTHONY HIGGINS,

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM DELAWARE.

THE political revolution in Delaware was consummated on Tuesday of last week, when Hon. Anthony Higgins was elected as the first Republican United States Senator from that State. The contest for the nomination in the Republican caucus was vigorous and exciting, but Mr. Higgins, who was only opposed on county lines, finally secured the prize, as the natural outcome of the election that, after all, he was the best man for the place.

Mr. Higgins is in the prime of life, having been born in New



NEW YORK CITY.—CONFERRING THE DECORATION OF "LADY OF CHIVALRY" UPON A DAUGHTER OF BEBEKAH, I.O.O.F., AT ADELPHI HALL, BROADWAY AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 406.

Castle County, Del., in October, 1840. At the age of thirteen he entered upon a five-years course of education at the Newark Academy and Delaware College. In the Autumn of 1855 he entered Yale College, and was graduated A.B. in 1861. During the two succeeding years he attended the Harvard Law School. He read law and was admitted to the Bar in 1861, early taking a prominent place in his profession, and in 1864 was appointed Deputy Attorney-general for Delaware. He was from the first an active Republican, and in 1868 he was Chairman of the Republican State Committee. He was appointed by President Grant in 1869 United States District Attorney for Delaware, and held that office until 1876. Since that time he has devoted himself to his large law practice.

Mr. Higgins's first appearance in politics was in the campaign of 1863, to elect a Congressman to fill a vacancy caused by the death of William Temple. Mr. Higgins championed the cause of N. B. Smithers, the Republican candidate—and who was among his competitors for the Senatorship—and Mr. Smithers was elected. In 1867 he was one of the most active spirits in the Border State Convention at Baltimore Md., to promote the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. He labored hard in the campaign of 1880, which resulted in the election of the Republican legislative ticket in New Castle County, in recognition of which he received the complimentary vote of the Republican members in the January following, when Mr. Bayard was elected to the United States Senate. In 1884 he was the Republican Congressional candidate, accepting the nomination with no chance or expectation of success. He is a man of positive ideas, and in full sympathy with the progressive sentiment of his party. He will prove a valuable accession to the Republican side of the Senate.

#### HER WATCHWORD.

ALL is well!  
Sound with celestial harmony indwelling,  
Song of the stars, the powers of evil quelling,  
Paeon of triumph thro' life's discord swelling  
Like vibrant waves swung from a golden bell—

All is well!

Message of peace thro' earthly tumult breaking,  
Comforting touch that eases the heart-aching,  
Call from the gates of heaven, softly waking  
Slumbering souls that, moaning, dream of hell—

All is well!

All is well!  
O love that rules the reaping and the sowing,  
O guiding hand that leadeth without shewing,  
O faith that satisfieth without knowing,  
O word that doth boundless good foretell—

All is well!

A. L. M.

#### THE "CLAIM-JUMPER."

##### A STORY OF THE GREAT BLIZZARD.

BY WILL LISENBECK.

"WHAT'S that over thar, Bill?" asked Joe Scaggs, pointing towards an object that had made its appearance on the prairie, a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or I'm a livin' liar!" exclaimed Bill, with emphasis. "An' on Dick Barber's claim, too!" he continued, with a gesture of excitement.

"Do ye suppose he's goin' ter jump Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answered Bill. "I guess he's not stoppin' out thar for his health. If he is, I'm thinkin' he'll soon go 'way on the same arrant, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sanctioned Joe. "But the way ter find out is ter go over an' see; an' while ye air cookin' supper, I'll ride over an' interview the stranger."

With this, he walked from the door of the half-board, half-dugout shanty, where the two had been standing, and approached a small barb-wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse, and galloped away across the stretch of wind-swept prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dug-out shanty that nestled in the side of a little hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie stood a covered wagon, or "prairie-schooner," as they are familiarly termed in the West.

A pair of sorrel mules, tied to the rear end of the wagon, were busily engaged in eating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon-box. A man came out of the shanty with a frying-pan in his hand, and held it over a fire in front of the dwelling.

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe, angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' hyar?"

The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said, quietly: "Fryin' meat."

Joe's anger rose. "Oh, ye air, air ye? Wal, as ye seem ter be so smart, mebby ye ken tell me whose claim ye air squattin' on?"

"I reckon I ken; h'it's mine."

"H'it is?"

"That's the way h'it looks ter me."

"Lool hyar, stranger!" said Joe Scaggs, clinching his fist, "me an' my pardner over thar," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his own shanty, "air holdin' this yere claim for Dick Barber, who's comin' out hyar in the Spring from Injinyan, an' we'll just give ye tell ter-morror ter git out of this!"

"Tain't long enough time," said the stranger, deliberately turning over a liberal slice of "mud-ding" that smoked in the frying-pan.

"How long do ye want?" questioned Joe, his wrath somewhat mollified by the stranger's evident intention of leaving.

"How long does a man have ter live on a claim before he ken git a deed for h'it?" was the reply of the stranger.

"Five years," replied Joe.

"Wal, then," continued the stranger, "make h'it five years, an' h'it's a barg'in."

"You impudent skunk!" roared Joe, now thoroughly aroused by the stranger's cool manner,

"fer a cent I'd wallop the ground with yer onery carcass."

"Yas, ye might undertake h'it fer a cent, but ye'd never lay up any money at h'it," was the answer, as he set the frying-pan down and confronted Joe Scaggs.

Joe now moved his hand towards his pistol, but hesitated.

"Look hyar," said the stranger. "You order me ter leave this claim. Is h'it your'n?"

"No, not exactly mine; but we're holdin' h'it fer a friend, me an' my pardner air. We've got the two lyin' north o' this, an' we're holdin' this fer Dick Barber, an' we're goin' ter hold h'it."

"All right," he answered. "I guess h'it won't need much holdin'. H'it'll be hyar when yere friend comes—so will I. If h'it is yere claim, I'll git off; but ye can't hold h'it fer somebody else. I know the law."

"Yes, ye may know the law, but ye don't know our law. We've made a special law fer sich fellers as ye, an' we're goin' ter go by that, an' don't ye fergit h'it."

"Wal, when ye force me ter go, I'll go—not before."

Angry words rose to Joe's lips, but he hesitated. The cool, indifferent manner of the claim-jumper puzzled him.

He was about to speak, when the tramp of a horse's feet sounded in the grass behind him, and Bill Barnum rode up, a Winchester rifle swung across his saddle.

"Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he explained, "an' that I'd come over an' see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining courage at the arrival of reinforcements, "he says he hain't a-goin' ter leave."

"Won't he?" Bill answered, bringing his Winchester down on the stranger. "Now, ye load up yer traps an' git."

"All right," he answered, doggedly. "You've got yer advantage o' me. I'll go, but I'll git even with ye sometime, see if I don't;" and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill, "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an' we don't mind payin' ye fer yer little shanty, seein' as ye can't take h'it along."

"No, h'it ain't worth nothin'," was the answer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wal, Bill," said Joe, "h'it's gittin' late, an' we'd better be gittin' back ter the shanty and lookin' after our supper."

"Supper!" exclaimed Bill. "Tharhain't nothin' in' fer supper, nor breckfast either, unless that onery cuss gits back from Atticy ter-night."

"Don't say that," answered Joe. "H'it makes me hungrier 'an a bar ter hear ye speak like that. H'ain't we got nothin' ter eat?"

"No, nothin' but a few pieces o' hard bread an' a bite or two o' meat. That onery cuss, John Biggs, that we sent after grubbs to Atticy, 'll git drunker 'an a b'iled owl, and not come back till we go after him, like as not."

With this they turned their horses around, and rode away in the direction of home, leaving the stranger standing in silence looking after them.

Ike Dover—for such was the stranger's name—turned and entered his shanty.

"Wal, h'it means pull out, I reckon," he muttered; "but I'll just stay hyar till mornin', anyway."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of tawny, purple clouds, and an ashy pallor overspread the sky.

"Goin' ter have bad weather," observed Joe Scaggs, as they rode through the fast-gathering darkness.

Late that night Bill punched Joe in the ribs with his elbow, and said:

"Joe, h'it's gittin' colder 'an all git out. We've got ter git up an' find some more covers. Gee whiz! listen ter that wind!"

Bill got up and struck light, and put on his clothes.

The weather had suddenly grown intensely cold, and the wind was roaring across the prairie, and sweeping through the dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

Bill opened the door and looked out.

A great gust of wind swept into the room, whirling a cloud of snow-flakes with it and extinguishing the light.

"A blizzard!" exclaimed Bill, slamming the door and relighting the lamp.

Joe had also got up, and was putting on his clothes.

"We must see ter the hoses," he said, drawing on his heavy boots. "They'll freeze ter death in that shed if they hain't blanketed."

He opened the door and went out, and in a few moments returned.

"The hoses air gone!" he exclaimed; "broke loose and been driven away by the blizzard."

"One uv us must go after 'em," exclaimed Bill. "H'it won't do to lose 'em. They'll die in this storm if they don't find shelter."

"Yes, an' you'd die a dozen times 'fore ye'd find 'em in this storm."

"Poor animals!" exclaimed Bill; "but h'it can't be helped."

Bill kindled a fire in the little sheet-iron stove in the corner.

The air was growing colder and colder every moment, and the circle of heat around the stove grew smaller and smaller with each surge of the wind as it shook the loose boards on the roof and sent the sleet and snow hissing through the crevices.

The two men drew their chairs near the stove after replenishing the flame from a pile of coal in the corner of the room.

Morning came at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow and sleet sweeping across the prairie. The storm showed no signs of abating, but was increasing in its fury.

"Joe," said Bill, breaking the silence, "nobody can't come from Atticy ter-day; and the perversions! that's nothin' in the house ter eat."

Joe got up and looked out at the small window.

"H'it's as ye say, Bill; that can't nobody come from Atticy ter-day—." And then, huskily: "H'it's a week for 'em."

The two men looked at each other, and each read the other's thoughts.

"Thar can't nobody git nowhere now, and mebby not for a week. Bill, we air in a bad fix."

Bill made no reply, but filled a large black pipe, lit it, sat down by the fire, and began puffing in silence.

Joe brought more fuel from the corner and filled up the stove.

The day passed and night came down, and still the storm raged and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

It was at the close of the fifth day, and neither Bill nor Joe had tasted food for four days, and as they looked out across the desolate, snow-covered plain, their hearts sunk within them.

"Bill," said Joe, huskily, "we can't hold out much longer. H'it'll be more an a week 'fore any one could git hyar or we could git away."

"Yas, an' that will be too late," answered Bill, an ashy pallor overspreading his thin face.

The next morning Joe arose, kindled the fire in the little stove, and sat down in silence.

Bill did not get up, but remained in bed, a pinched look settling over his features. It was getting late in the afternoon when he called Joe to the bedside.

"Joe," he said, feebly, "I hain't got much longer ter stay with ye. This yere cold is freezin' my thin blood, an' I'm gittin' weaker an' weaker."

"Come, come, Bill!" said Joe, a great lump rising in his throat. "Cheer up; mebby somethin' 'll turn up; mebby—"

"Tain't no use, Joe. We've all got ter go sometime. Tain't no use in hopin' when thar hain't nothin' ter expect."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down, presently he drew a little box from under the bed and took out a small piece of dry, hard bread and laid it by the side of Bill.

"I saved h'it fer ye, Bill," he said, turning away.

"No—no!" said Bill; "h'it's better fer one uv us ter go 'an both uv us. Mebby, as ye say, somethin' 'll turn up, an'—"

"A muffled sound like footsteps in the snow came from the outside, and something like the sound of a human voice mingled with the hissing wind.

Joe listened, but the sound was not repeated. He opened the door and looked out.

A few feet from the threshold, half buried in the drifting snow, was the prostrate figure of a man, a large bundle of something at his side. A moment, and Joe was stooping over the prostrate figure. He shook him, but he did not speak. Then, by a series of heroic efforts, he dragged the unconscious man into the dug-out. As he did so a bundle that was strapped about the shoulders of the unfortunate became detached, and rolled over on the floor, displaying a small bag of flour and a chunk of bacon.

"H'it's John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe; "an' he's brought enough perversions ter carry us through, thank God! but, pore feller, he's almost done fer!"

He hurriedly stirred up the fire in the little stove, and then turning to the unconscious man, he brushed the snow from his wan face.

"Bill," he said, starting with surprise, "h'it ain't John Biggs—h'it's the claim-jumper. He's saved our lives, Bill, an' after we was goin' ter run him away."

"My God!" exclaimed Bill, struggling feebly out of the bed, new strength coming to his feeble frame. "We must save him, Joe, if he hain't already dead. We mustn't let him die."

The two men, shivering with cold and weak from hunger, worked as they never worked before. By their combined efforts, they lifted the poor frozen squatter from the floor and laid him tenderly in their only bed.

He opened his eyes and muttered something in an incoherent manner. The two men bent over him and listened.

"H'it ain't much farther," he muttered. "I hear 'em say they didn't have nothin' to eat over thar—an' Ike Dover, h'it's yer dooty ter help 'em—No—no—they wuz goin' ter run me off—h'it can't be much farther—Oh, if I could only sleep a little—h'it ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as hard as icicles! He looked at Bill, and uttered a groan.

"He can't live, Bill," he said, choking.

Bill bent over the bed, his face close to that of the dying man.

"Pardner," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you've throw'd away yer life fer us that didn't deserve nothin' but yer hate. You've froze them pore hands fer us onery wolves that would 'a' driv' ye away from yer claim. Oh, if ye could only live ter tell me how mean an' onery I've been ter ye—." Here Bill broke down and wept like a child.

Presently the dying man muttered: "H'it's all right—I see h'it now—that is the cabin

gutters of the down-town streets, while the wholesale dealers transacted their business in the tumble-down rookeries which are now to be swept away by the march of improvement. What a contrast is the new West Washington Market, which has brought fresh life to the whole west-side district in which it is situated! The market consists of a series of ten handsome brick and iron two-story buildings, painted red, with really picturesque roofs, towers and chimneys. Covered arches lead from the outside streets into four drive-ways running east and west, separating the buildings, and named respectively Hewitt, Grace, Loew and Thompson Avenues.

A fifth drive-way runs north and south from Bloomfield to Gansevoort Street, and intersects the other drive-ways at right angles. This drive-way is named Lawton Avenue. Each building is divided into forty-four spaces, or stands, thus affording a total accommodation for 440 tenants. Each stand measures 8x20 feet, and inside stands, 9x25. The tenant gets also a good office of the same size above his stand. The Comptroller has fixed the rental at \$5 to \$10 a week. The tenant has to put in all the fixtures, ice-houses, etc., at his own expense. One marked reform that goes into effect with the occupation of the new market is that the system of subletting stands, which prevailed in the old down-town market, is done away with. Every man must do business at his stand. The new West Washington Market, in short, is a boon to the dealers, a convenience to their customers, a benefit to the locality, and a credit to the city. To President David O'Brien, of the West Washington Market Association, we are indebted for the following sketch of the market's development, leading up to the present change of quarters:

#### WEST WASHINGTON MARKET.

About 1846 the city authorities decided to fill in the space used for docks running from Vesey Pier, foot of Vesey Street, to Dey Street, and from West Street to about 450 feet outward, which was commenced and finished in due course of time. At first it was occupied by farmers' wagons and a few shanties, which changed hands from time to time, until as business increased and concentrated there, it became entirely covered with stand-buildings of a better and a more permanent class. These, in time, were much sought after, as the market was the head-quarters or distributing centre of the wholesale vegetable and fruit trade of the city. It was the nucleus of the vast business that now radiates in all directions from it. These structures were built by the occupants themselves, except two small sections built by the city.

The business went on with varying success for some time, when Messrs. Taylor & Brennan appeared and claimed the ownership of the ground by right of a lease from the State, and made the occupants defendants in a case which caused no little trouble and expense. Finally the city settled the matter by a compromise with Messrs. Taylor & Brennan, and again became landlord. The business gradually outgrew the space, and houses were set up in the adjoining streets, in which the trade has assumed its present vast proportions.

A piece of ground as large as this naturally excited the cupidity of many corporations, who without doubt used their influence to induce the Dock Commissioners to action in regard to getting possession of this ground, no less than the law in the matter for the improvement of the water-front. Some years ago the occupants were notified to vacate. As the food interest concentrated in West Washington Market then was too vast to be moved at such summary notice, the dealers resorted to the Legislature under Governor John A. Dix. After a great deal of trouble, they had a Bill passed to build a splendid market on the old site, costing as much or more than the present new one, at their expense, they paying a liberal rental to the city on the valuation of the ground. It was thought by Governor Dix's friends in the Legislature that he would sign the Bill, but at the last moment he vetoed it. When it was found that this ground had to be given up, the marketmen formed themselves into an organization known as the West Washington Market Association, and a committee was appointed to wait on the various authorities in regard to some other site. The present new site at Gansevoort Street was found to be most available, and secured by and at the expense of the marketmen, after not a little trouble on their part, and delay on the part of the city authorities. In 1884 an Act of the Legislature seemed to remove all legal difficulties. So the matter rested until about two years ago, when a committee of the marketmen induced the city to appropriate sufficient money to improve and build upon the site. As a pecuniary speculation on the part of the city it has been a good one, as property in its vicinity has gone up from one hundred to two hundred per cent., and the whole of the Ninth Ward will feel the influence. The city reaps a rich harvest by revenue from increased taxation, and what once was an idle waste becomes a busy mart of trade.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### SANTA CRUZ, THE PORT OF TENERIFFE.

SITUATED in the North Atlantic, off the coast of Africa, and abreast of the northern limit of the Great Sahara, Teneriffe, the best-known and most tortuous of "The Fortunate Isles," or Canaries, has long been known to possess a most favorable climate for the treatment of lung-disease, but only of late years has it actually come into vogue as a health-resort. Santa Cruz, the port of Teneriffe, is a town of about 13,000 inhabitants, picturesquely placed on gently sloping ground, one side of its roadstead being bounded by brown, precipitous mountains, whose serrated peaks proclaim most unmistakably their volcanic origin. In common with the other towns of the Canary Isles, it possesses few objects of interest to the casual visitor, who usually stays at Santa Cruz only long enough to break the journey to Orotava, twenty-six miles distant.

##### PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE.

A sketch by Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, gives a view of the recently opened Prince's Bridge, over the River Yarra - Yarra, at Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, Australia. This Australian metropolis, during half a century past, has grown to stateliness and wealth equaling the largest provincial towns in Great Britain. Its public buildings, mostly constructed of an imperishable blue-stone, excel those of any other city of the same size in any part of the world, although some of them - the Parliament Houses, for example - are yet unfinished. The most noteworthy edifices are the Treasury, the Houses of Parliament (with a library of 35,000 volumes); the new Law Courts, in the Italian style, built of brick, faced with sandstone, which were nine years in erection, and have cost over £250,000, occupying

a frontage to four streets of 300 feet; the Free Library, containing over 110,000 volumes; the Post-office, the building till lately used as Government Printing-office; an immense edifice at the Treasury for the Land, Mining and other departments; the Customs-house, the Mint, the University, with the admirable Museum and the Wilson Hall; the new Town-hall; the various places of worship; St. Patrick's Cathedral (Roman Catholic); the Exchange, the theatres, the new Victoria Hall in Bourke Street, and many large and handsomely built hotels.

##### ITALIAN MILITARY AND MARINE.

Italy's war equipment by both land and sea is touched upon in two of our foreign pictures. One shows Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, the heir-apparent to the crown, "playing soldier," in assisting at the exercises of the regiment under his command. The scene is at Rome, with the Coliseum's antique walls for a background. The other picture shows a group of gunners at the breach of one of the 100-ton Krupp guns belonging to the great armor-clad *Italia*. Instead of the customary projectile, the gunners are "loading in" one of their comrades, probably for the purpose of making an examination of the big gun's condition internally.

##### THEATRICALS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"On the evening of some theatricals at Secunderabad," writes a lady correspondent from India, to the London *Graphic*, "a swarm of white ants arrived just as we were at dinner. Every house for five miles round was infested with them, and it was almost impossible to sit at table, or to eat anything. These insects have bodies about the size of the earwig, and four large wings like a dragon-fly, which they drop at will. The lights attracted them, and the numbers round each lamp almost obscured it. They buzzed into one's hair, and down one's neck, and dropped their wings into the wine and the food, until at last we were fairly turned out-of-doors. We fled to the theatre, hoping to find matters better, but there they were worse, and some of the audience declined to face such a plague, and returned home. The actors went through their parts with praiseworthy equanimity, much to the credit of their nerves and patience. My sketch shows a few of the audience who braved the evil, and they were eventually rewarded for their courage, as the worst was over in about three-quarters of an hour, and only a few stragglers remained. At the end of that time they had shed their wings, and crawled over us in the earwig stage, only a little less disagreeable. The lizards on the walls, and the bats, had a fine feast, and gorged until they could hardly move."

##### THE OLYMPIAN EXPOSITION, ATHENS.

The Grecian capital, following the example of so many of her sisters on the Continent of Europe during the past year, has recently opened a fair displaying the products of the country's modern civilization, under the title of the Olympian Exposition. It is installed in a beautiful building, with a marble portico in the antique classic style. The exposition is the great special attraction of Athens this Winter.

##### VILLIERS, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

"FREDERIC VILLIERS, who has been lecturing in New York recently, appears," says the  *Tribune*, "more of an artist than a war correspondent of the order of Archibald Forbes and MacGahan. Whatever may have been his appearance when freezing in the trenches before Gravitz or toiling across the burning desert with General Stewart's brave little army, snug in his room at the Clarendon Hotel, resting after his uncomfortable voyage in the *Bohemia*, he looked fresh from the studios of Primrose Hill, or from the haunts of the clever bohemians of Paris. Mr. Villiers is a man of uncommon appearance, and naturally enough he is not unconscious of it. Rather above the average height, his squarely built frame is invariably attired in garments not to be found in the circles called 'conventional.' Villiers will, perhaps, pardon the first thought of a stranger when he casts his eyes upon him, if that thought be that the artist is an excellent judge of 'make-up.' And yet it can not be said that this is affectation in such a man as Villiers. He looks his best in Norfolk jacket and knee-breeches. He strikes one as being eminently natural in everything, and as having a natural adaptation to what we would call in another Mannerism. He is, as well as can be imagined, an ideal cosmopolitan. His golden-yellow hair, his frank, jolly face, clear blue eyes, and his beard trimmed to a compromise between a Vandyke and the Charles I. style, are, on the whole, Saxon. His way of speaking is the dilettante English - a slight drawl, or hesitancy; an effective pause here and there, followed by a phrase that tells, and a plentiful interspersing of that odd and unaccountable development of well-bred English colloquialism, the frequent phrase, 'Don't you know?'

"Eighty thousand miles of travel in ten years is something of a record; and 80,000 miles traversed, not in the secure and aimless manner of the 'globe-trotter,' but a journey of 80,000 miles over a long road clouded with cannon-smoke, darkened by tempests, strewn with the bodies of the mangled dead, rich in memorable scenes, full of terror, abundant in perils. Villiers has traveled 80,000 miles of war, and his route is strewn with the relics of eight campaigns that raged on three continents. One experience he had with an American abroad should be recorded. It was on the little British man-of-war, the *Condor*, before the forts of Alexandria. On the eve of the bombardment, a German, a Frenchman and an American, from vessels in the harbor, boarded the *Condor*. Said the Frenchman to the *Condor's* commander: 'My Government does not deem it well for me to aid you, but I shall be with you in the spirit.' The next to speak was the American. 'Well,' he said, 'I have the spirit of war on me this morning, and I guess I and my friend the Dutchman will waltz around and drop in a shell here and there.' Villiers is never tired of telling the story. The American did drop in a few shells, and it will be remembered that his blue-jackets rendered effective assistance in preventing rioting when the Egyptian city fell."

A VIENNA correspondent of the London *Times* writes that "American couples about to travel in Austria ought to take with them their marriage-certificates. An American lady recently gave birth to a child here, and the father, accompanied by witnesses, went to register the birth. Owing to the absence of a marriage-certificate, the clerk said that he must record the birth as illegitimate, and the only concession made, after much expostulation, was the substitution of the word 'doubtful' for 'illegitimate.' Farther, on being told that the parents belonged to the Anglican Church, the clerk wrote down, 'No religion.'"

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE French Senate has passed the Bankruptcy Bill, under which the Panama Canal Company will be able to connect the old organization with a new concern.

JOHN BULL'S navy is growing apace. Six new monsters will shortly fly the white ensign. Each of these vessels has cost the British close upon \$1,500,000.

THE Archbishop of New York has issued a circular to all the priests of the archdiocese urging them to exert their influence against the Anti-poverty Society.

At the last week's meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, a charter was granted to the New York College for the Training of Teachers, the first institution of its kind in this country, or, in fact, in the world, the especial purpose of which is to train candidates for the profession of pedagogy.

THE first by-election of the year in Great Britain is calculated to encourage the Liberals. It occurred in the Govan Division of Lanark (in Scotland), where a Conservative majority of 362 at the last election was turned into a Liberal majority of 1,071. In the London County elections, the Liberals and Radicals have secured a large majority.

THE five Chancery Judges of Chicago have all declared in favor of Representative Springer's Bill for uniform marriage and divorce laws, applicable all over the United States. Judge Jamieson declared that in about 60 per cent. of all divorce cases brought into court the cause may be traced to intermeddling parents, and that a statute permitting none but half-orphans to marry would be a greater help than anything else.

A LETTER from Paris gives a glimpse into the history of Osman Digna, whose rebel army in the Soudan has caused such infinite trouble to the English supporters of the Egyptian Khedive. Osman's adventures would certainly make a wonderful tale. Born a Frenchman, taken early in life to Egypt, received into the family of a powerful Mohammedan, converted by the hope of fortune to that faith, he became a great slave-dealer, the chief of the Arab sheiks, and the leader of the Soudanese tribes in their long war against the sovereignty of the English and their dependent, the Khedive. He has evidently profited by the mistakes of his friend Arabi Pasha, and his four years of warfare have left him as powerful and dangerous as ever.

THE last report of the Canadian Postmaster-general demonstrates the value of the postal savings-banks system in encouraging mechanics and laborers to save their surplus earnings. The system was established in 1868, at which time the amount to be held on deposit was unlimited. A limit was afterwards fixed at \$10,000, and was subsequently reduced to \$3,000. Last year the Government lowered the limit of deposits to be received from any one depositor to \$300 in any one year, and \$1,000 in all. On the 30th of June last there were 433 offices in operation, while 155,978 deposits had been made during the year, which closed with \$20,679,032 on deposit. Farmers appear to take the lead. The average cost of each transaction of withdrawal or deposit is about 20 cents.

GENERAL HARRISON told a friend recently some interesting things about his method of Cabinet-making. He had made a dozen Cabinets already, he said, and then smashed them in turn. Talking about his way of picking out a man, he gave a few interesting tests. Taking a candidate for Secretary of War, for instance, he would ask, first, whether the aspirant was competent? If so, was his State of importance enough to have a Cabinet department? Then, did his record agree with General Harrison's? Last of all, did he harmonize in opinion with the other probable members of the Cabinet? These four requisitions were too much for almost any conspicuous Republican mentioned. Up to within three or four days the general concluded that he had not been able to pick out anybody.

THE participation of the Vanderbilt Benevolent Association, of Charleston, S. C., in the Harrison inauguration parade at Washington next March, will be a notable feature of that occasion. This Association, named in honor of the late William H. Vanderbilt, of New York, was originally organized in January, 1886, and is composed of three hundred members, representing "the best social element among the richest and poorest" in Charleston. On Sunday evening, the 13th instant, it celebrated the third anniversary of its founding by a solemn commemorative service at the Bethel (M. E.) Church. The Vanderbilt Association, of which Mr. A. C. Kaufman is president, is a representative non-political Southern organization, and has during the present Administration delighted to do honor to the President and Mrs. Cleveland, who have cordially reciprocated. President Cleveland is an honorary member.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 12TH - In Princeton, N. J., Rev. Dr. Alexander T. McGill, aged 82 years; in Carlisle, Pa., Captain J. M. Johnston, journalist; in New York, John T. Toal, Chief Clerk of the Board of Coroners, aged 52 years. *January 13th* - In Flatbush, L. I., Surrogate Abraham Lott, of Brooklyn, aged 58 years; in Kingston, N. Y., Andrew J. Caywood, the veteran horticulturist, aged 70 years; in New York, George Hathorne, architect and builder, aged 47 years; in Baltimore, Mrs. Josephine E. Poe, widow of Judge Neilson Poe, aged 80 years; in New York, Mrs. Jay Gould, aged 48 years. *January 14th* - In Delaware, General Henry W. Wessels, U. S. A. (retired), aged 80 years; in Columbus, O., Theodore Comstock; in Chicago, Ill., Rev. Dr. George C. Noyes, for twenty years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston. *January 15th* - In New York, Rev. John W. B. Wood, oldest member of the New York Methodist Conference, aged 85 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., John M. Phillips, of the Methodist Book Concern, aged 69 years; in New York, Joseph H. Walker (colored), a well-known member of the G. A. R.; in Biddeford, Me., Captain Thomas Goldthwaite, aged 64 years; in St. Paul, Minn., Dr. A. Guernon, United States Collector of Customs. *January 16th* - In New York, William J. Welch, ex-Commissioner of Public Schools; in Erie, Pa., Rev. Father Oberhofer. *January 17th* - In Philadelphia, Pa., Major-general Charles P. Herring, aged 60 years; in Munich, Germany, Ilma de Murka, the celebrated *prima donna*, aged 46 years; in Norwood, Mass., Rev. H. R. Nye, aged 70 years. *January 18th* - In Lockport, N. Y., Horace P. Smith, the well-known miller, aged 91 years; in Findlay, O., Dr. Charles Osterlin, the discoverer of natural gas in that place, aged 82 years.

#### THE GUESTS AT THE FAREWELL BANQUET.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRINCE BISMARCK made nine speeches in one day, last week, in the German Reichstag.

THE Bill to put General Rosecrans on the retired list has been favorably reported in Congress.

THE orange king of Florida is Mr. J. A. Harris, whose grove of 200 acres yields, this year, 50,000 boxes of oranges.

JAMES G. BLAINE, JR., has become an apprentice in the repair-shops of the Maine Central Railroad, in Waterville, Me.

SENATOR ALDRICH, of Rhode Island, is prominently named for Secretary of the Treasury under the new Administration.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR has ordered the dismissal of all the French cooks employed in the palace. They will be replaced by Germans.

SENATOR QUAY, who is pestered by the politicians, is going to Florida for rest, and in the hope of overcoming the insomnia from which he suffers.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has been selected as arbitrator of the dispute between Nicaragua and Costa Rica in relation to the *situs* of the proposed Nicaraguan Canal.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER and his interesting family have gained social popularity in Washington in a very short time. Their entertainments are crowded, and everybody is made to have a good time.

MISS MARY GARRETT is personally superintending the erection of a school in Baltimore, to prepare girls for the Bryn Mawr College, to cost \$200,000, and, in addition, she will endow it.

THE household of the Emperor of China is to consist of 500 persons, including thirty fan-bearers, thirty umbrella-bearers, thirty physicians and surgeons, seventy-five astrologers, seven chief-cooks and sixty priests.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HARRIS, of Tennessee, has been re-elected for six years. Senator Hoar has been re-elected from Massachusetts for the same term, and in Minnesota, General W. D. Washburn has been chosen to succeed E. M. Sabin.

It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, on his return to New York city, will take a suite of apartments and settle down here for an indefinite period. He has come to the conclusion that New York offers better material for a literary man than any other great city in the world.

THE fact is now recalled that it is six years since Gambetta died. "Nothing," we are told, "has been altered in his bed-chamber. The bed on which he battled with the Destroyer is strewn with flowers laid on it by loving hands, and on the walls still hang the withered wreaths, the number of which increases every year."

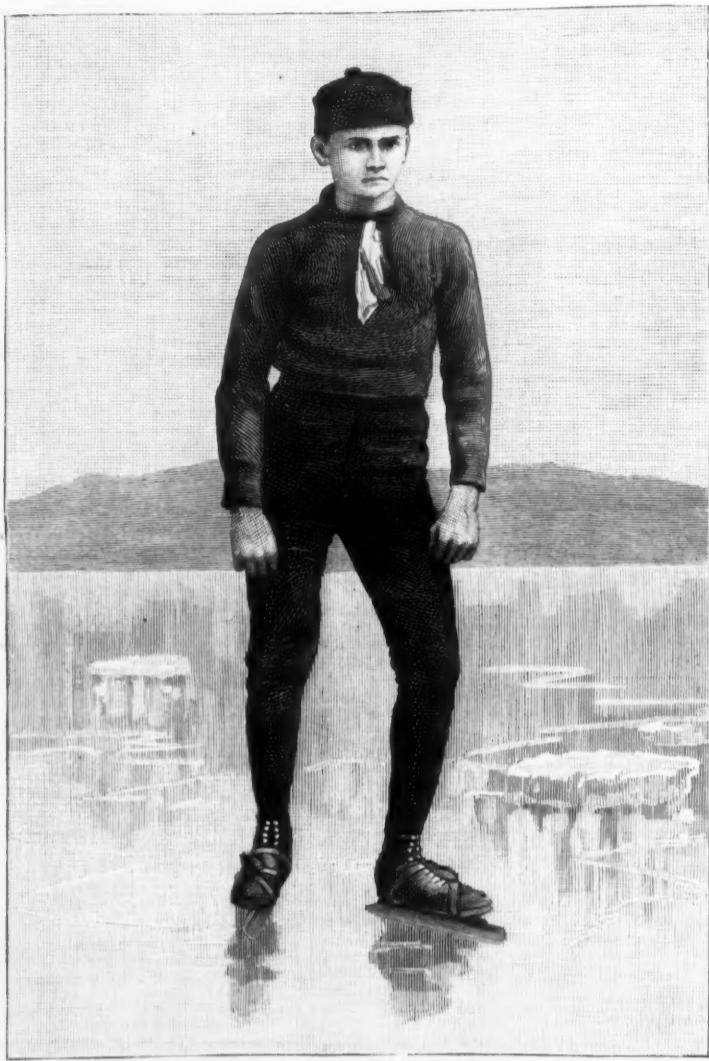
SOME of the red-hot New York anarchists complain that John Most, their old-time leader, is growing conservative, and some of them think that it would be a good thing to have him put out of the way. Most alleges that his enemies some months ago got up a plot to kill him, but he discovered their scheme, and was able to defeat it.

COLONEL ALFRED E. BUCK, Chairman of the Georgia Republican State Committee, is urged for a Cabinet position. A memorial in his favor, signed by Henry W. Grady, Colonel Howell, the proprietor of the Atlanta *Constitution*; Governor Gordon, Senator Colquitt, all the State officers of Georgia, and other prominent Democrats, has been presented to General Harrison.

GENERAL HAWLEY, who at sixty-three is trotting his first baby on his distinguished knee, is excusable for thinking so much of and talking so much about that mite of humanity. A day or so ago he remarked that he guessed his baby was a Democrat. "Why?" asked his interlocutor. "Because he hasn't said a word since election," answered the happy father - which is pretty "good for Joe."

MR. OGILVIE, a Canadian surveyor, has completed his explorations in Northern British Columbia and the Mackenzie River district - a region which has hitherto been almost as little known as Central Africa - and he will prepare a report for the Dominion Parliament. He may have verified the impression that there are large gold deposits in the upper part of the Yukon basin, and if so, a new field will be opened to modern enterprise.

MRS. J. W. DREXEL has given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the name of herself and her late husband, a collection of objects of art valued at \$68,000. The collection consists of Egyptian casts purchased from the late Lieutenant Gorringe, who brought over Cleopatra's Needle; a collection of ancient musical instruments, a lot of rare bronzes, engravings, snuff-boxes, coins of the Ptolemaic period, *bric-a-brac*, and illuminated manuscripts.



JOSEPH F. DONOGHUE, WINNER IN THE GREAT SKATING-RACES AT AMSTERDAM,  
HOLLAND, AND HAMBURG, GERMANY.  
SEE PAGE 410.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE WINTER HANDICAP GAMES OF THE AMERICAN ATHLETIKON, A  
FROM A SKETCH BY A SPORTIST.—



THE OLD WASHINGTON MARKET.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MARKET SYSTEM OF NEW YORK CITY.—VIEWS OF THE OLD WINGT

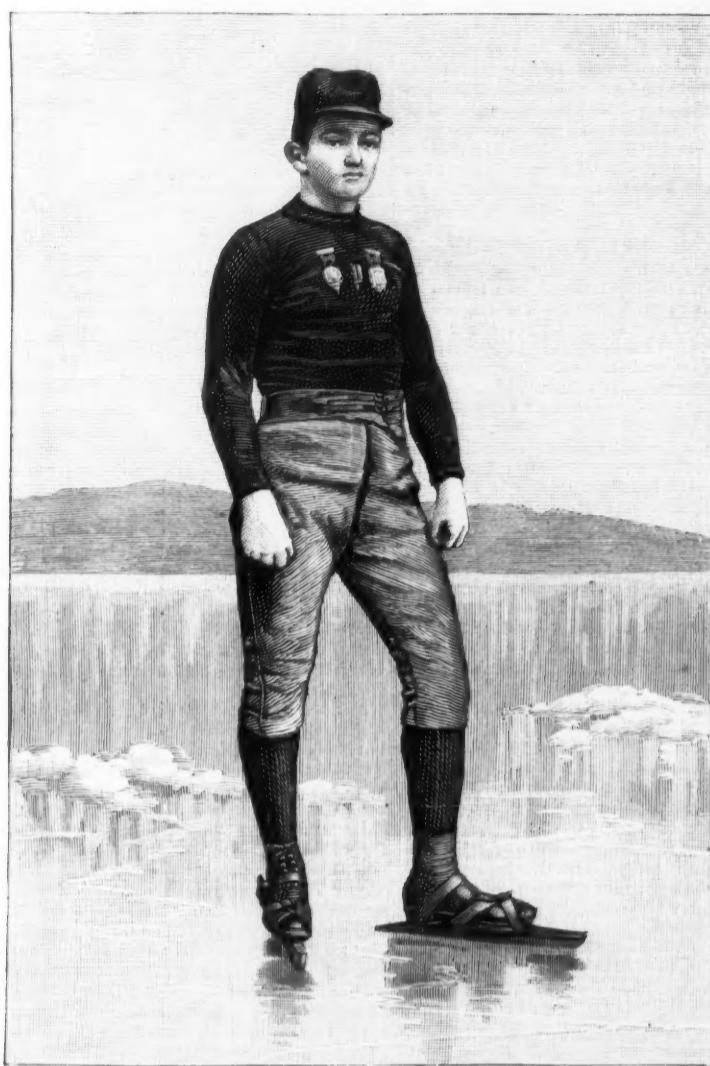
1. DAVID O'BRIEN, PRESIDENT OF THE MARKET ASSOCIATION. 2. RICHARD

FROM SKETCHES BY A SPORTIST.—





CAN ATHLETION, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, JANUARY 19TH—BREASTING THE TAPE.  
ETCH BY A SKETCHIST.—SEE PAGE 411.



"TIM" DONOGHUE, JR., OF NEWBURG, N. Y., CHAMPION ONE-MILE SKATER.  
SEE PAGE 410.



ASSOCIATION. S. RICHARDSON, SECRETARY. 3. JAMES WRIGHT, TREASURER.  
OLD WASHINGTON MARKET, AND OF THE NEW WEST WASHINGTON MARKET ON GANSEVOORT STREET.  
ETCHES BY A SKETCHIST.—SEE PAGE 406.

## For Dayber's Echo:

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.  
BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE REASON WHY.

**T**o understand just why Dr. Peter Pillah wished to buy Valley Park Academy, to learn exactly what interest he has in Dayber's Echo, to find out for whom he was working when I first saw him, whether he is still in the service of that individual, and what his hopes and my dangers are—these must be the matters to occupy my attention for the present," said Dr. Arnold Anson to himself in the still early morning of the day which was the first anniversary of Lionel Dayber's death.

With these purposes in view, this young man did two things that, while seemingly trivial in themselves, were destined to produce results of the greatest importance to most of the actors in this life drama. The first was the sending of a letter to a certain William Flintacre, staying temporarily in a town not far away. The second was the casual mention, to Mr. Nathan Dayber, of the fact that he expected the visit of a friend who would remain with him for a few days.

Mr. Dayber made no remarks regarding the coming of Mr. Flintacre to Dayber's Echo. He did not say that the gentleman would be welcome. He did not say that his visit would be an intrusion. He asked Anson to give the necessary orders for the preparation of a suite of rooms for the expected guest; that was all. He made no protests; is it not fair to presume he had none to make? And he forgot to ask what manner of man this William Flintacre was—whether he was young or old—rich or poor—good or—or—But, since the gentleman was said to be Anson's friend, only a madman would have needed to ask that!

Dr. Anson said nothing to Maude of the coming of this guest. Why should he?

He said nothing to her father of Maude's promise to him. What need that he should?

All of which, perhaps, goes to show that Arnold Anson had learned to speak only when words counted for something in the fearful game for place and power that men call life.

Mr. William Flintacre arrived late in the afternoon of the same day. He proved to be a young-looking and irresolute—acting person, who evidently labored under serious doubts as to the position he was to occupy in the house to which he had come.

Dr. Anson took him to the library, introduced him to Nathan Dayber, and kept him there for nearly an hour—an hour spent by the three gentlemen in a general, rather rambling and sometimes broken conversation. Following that, he escorted his guest up to the rooms which had been prepared for him, followed him in, seated himself, and motioned Flintacre to a seat.

Flintacre shook his head and remained standing. He faced Dr. Anson, his look of irresolution suddenly gone, and a hunted and alarmed look, tinged, too, with a something which seemed dangerous, rising into its place in his face.

Anson laughed.

"Don't look quite so much like a king of tragedy, if you can help it," he said, lightly. "I assure you there isn't the slightest need of it. Sit down."

Flintacre sat down, but he made no answer.

"These rooms are to be yours—while you remain here," said Anson, a strangely suggestive emphasis on the last four words of his sentence.

Flintacre glanced greedily around. Evidently the evidence of comfort and luxury were a revelation to such a mind as his—and to such experiences as his had been.

"And how long will that be?"

"Oh, I don't know; as long, I suppose, as I find it perfectly convenient to have you here."

"And that will be—may be—"

"That may be—as long as Mr. Dayber chooses to pay you."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Do the work you're paid to do, and at first hand instead of at second. You've been signing my reports regarding the mental condition of Mr. Nathan Dayber long enough, and—"

"I suppose he still receives them, does he not?"

"I don't know that that is any of your business. You are paid to make them, and to send them to the agency; hereafter, for a time, you'll make them as well as send them. I am busy with other matters—and elsewhere. You'll stay here."

"I don't know about that. Surely I have only one report to make—one report which will make an end of the whole business."

"You mean—"

"That the evil Nathan Dayber feared has come to pass. He is insane. He is almost idiotic. Any one can see that."

"Pardon me."

"Why, Anson, surely you cannot fail to see it. You cannot say you cannot see it."

"I say I do not see it. I suppose you'll admit that such a thing as you have asserted is largely a matter of opinion."

"Yes, possibly."

"Very well. Remember, then, that your opinion is the same as mine—that it has to be the same as mine."

"Oh!"

"Yes; remember that Nathan Dayber is not insane—and that he is not going to be. You'll remain here; you'll see much of this gentleman; you'll send in reports of the same sort as those you've gotten familiar with—if you're not lazily neglected your duty by signing what you haven't read. Do you think you understand?"

"I think I do."

"I am glad. It will be safer for us both if you do understand."

Dr. Arnold Anson set out, that evening, to make a call on Peter Pillah. He had several questions he meant to ask him. A keen judge of human nature, he did not much care what sorts of answers should be returned to him. Let the old physician lie to him, or even refuse to consider his questions at all—he should not care. If he could look into the man's face, as they should converse together, he felt sure that he should not leave him as ignorant as he went.

"Who was your employer in the attempted purchase of Valley Park Academy?" "What interest have you in the succession to Dayber's Echo?" What claim or claims have you upon the Daybers—or upon any of them?" These were some of the questions he had determined he would ask, which shows that he was a very bold, if a rather indiscreet, young man.

"Is your interest—your service—your claim—for sale?" "At what price?" These questions, pressing so dangerously near his lips, would have been sufficient to show him as impetuous as he was bold, and as unscrupulous as he was indiscreet.

To his surprise, as well as annoyance, he was refused admission at Dr. Pillah's. The doctor had already retired, so the servant said, and had given imperative orders that he was not to be disturbed. That the doctor had been overworking lately—or possibly worrying over something—was a piece of information volunteered by the servant that produced no other effect upon his auditor than to show that there was nothing left for him to do but to go home—if he might call Dayber's Echo his home—and wait for a more auspicious occasion for cultivating the acquaintance of Peter Pillah. A second piece of garrulously gratuitous gossip, however, sent a sudden nervous shock all over the frame of Arnold Anson, and planted an instantaneous resolve in his mind. "The doctor needs the rest, too, for he's going to New York, on business, in the morning." Was he? Good. That being the case, Arnold Anson was going to New York, too.

Another man than Arnold Anson might have hesitated. There were many reasons for hesitation. He decided, actually in advance of the consideration of the most of these reasons, that not one of them should avail. "I am not a patient man; I never was; and I never will be," were the statements of his reasons in favor of following Peter Pillah which were to outweigh all the antagonistic reasons that his more prudent self might urge against doing so. His statements were, as we shall find, paradoxical and open to the gravest of doubts. No matter. He adhered to them.

Peter Pillah might be going to New York on business which had not the remotest connection with the ownership of Dayber's Echo. Yes—yes, he might be!

The trip might be an expensive one, and Arnold Anson was not rich. True. But he had a goodly sized check ready for Nathan Dayber's signature before he had half considered that adverse proposition.

It might—might be—dangerous—dangerous. But he only laughed. Nothing could have made him believe himself less than a full match for Peter Pillah, anywhere, and under any circumstances.

Anson devoted little time to leave-taking on the morning of his departure. He hardly more than mentioned the fact of his going to Mr. Dayber. "You'll find my friend Flintacre a pleasant companion," he said; "and the time will be short enough until my return. Make my friend's stay pleasant," he added to Maude.

"Yes, sir," she responded, raising her grave glance to his face. Since this man—this man she had said she would marry—had invited William Flintacre to Dayber's Echo, it seemed quite the most natural and proper thing that he should be there. She had learned from Arnold Anson's life and words and actions the lesson that whatever he did, it was well should be done—which shows that a man's life history may have more than one possible translation.

He tried to kiss Maude. She gently, but decidedly, repelled his advances. The passion flamed up in his cheeks, and surged along his forehead and temples. But he turned aside, and went his way, conquering himself, and setting his face towards the future. "I am a patient man," said this one who was going to follow Peter Pillah's path because of a differently worded reason; "I always was; I always shall be!" I cannot say whether or not this new expression were the true or the false; I only know that he never kissed Maude Dayber as long as he lived!

Dr. Peter Pillah and Dr. Arnold Anson were fellow-travelers on the way to New York. If the former had any suspicions regarding the plans and purposes of the latter, they were too vague and indistinct to give him much trouble or annoyance. As for the latter, he was too frank and straightforward with the old doctor for anything he said or did to have any other effect than to lull all doubts to rest.

"You called to see me last evening?" asked Dr. Peter Pillah.

"I did."

"I regret having had to deny myself the pleasure of meeting you. Was your business very important?"

"It was, indeed. It is so important that I am going to New York, at this time, rather than at some later date, almost solely because I must have a conversation with you."

Peter Pillah started violently, and turned very pale.

"I am sorry to have put you to so much of inconvenience," he said, hastily. "I would have delayed my journey for a day or two, if I had supposed your business with me was of so much importance as your words convince me must be true; I—I will delay it now. Let us leave the cars at the next station, and return home."

Anson smiled.

"There isn't the least need of our doing that," he said, cheerfully; "not the least need in the world. Business takes me to New York; it doesn't make any difference to me whether I go now—or wait a month."

"It—it does to me," muttered Pillah, as he settled himself back into the seat, and glanced furtively at his traveling companion; "so I think we'll go on."

"Yes, I think we will," said Anson.

"And—and now," hesitatingly began Peter Pillah, after there had been silence for some time. "I am ready to give attention to you and your business."

"Are you? Thank you," said Anson, quietly, glancing out of the window at the swiftly flying landscape, instead of at his companion. Then, turning and keenly scrutinizing Pillah's face, he impetuously demanded: "Whom did you represent when you tried to buy Valley Park Academy? What interest have you in the succession of Dayber's Echo?"

For half a minute or so Anson actually feared he had killed his companion with his sudden questions. The man's face grew ashen gray. His eyes closed. His head fell back. His vocal organs struggled vainly with unsaid words that they were powerless to express. Pillah's recovery was swift, however. How could it be otherwise? Was not the giant will of this terrible man crying in angry fear to every faculty of his mighty mind that it would never, never, NEVER do for the on-lookers to see him falter and fail—and have a chance to inquire why? Die? Yes, he might have died! But between self-possessed and stern-faced strength, and death itself, there was no safe middle ground for him to stand upon. It took no dash of water in his face to give him consciousness—care—power; the memory of the last wash of the waves over the despairing face of Prince Prettyman was sufficient for that. Since Prince Prettyman had been—to say nothing of aught else—he must either hold himself under stern control altogether, or fail in all things utterly.

"What—what interest have you in Dayber's Echo?" he gasped.

Dr. Anson smiled again—a mocking and chilly smile.

"I have a great interest in it," he said, quietly, "since I am engaged to marry Maude Dayber."

"Engaged to marry Maude Dayber? Since when?"

"Since only a very few hours ago. I think you're the first one to have been told the pleasant news, and—"

"Except her father, of course."

"Not even excepting him."

"Indeed? Perhaps his mental state—"

"Dr. Pillah, stop! You're on dangerous ground. You had better remain silent than to speak in that way. You will find it pleasanter—and safer!"

"But—really—I supposed—"

"Suppose nothing. I tell you I will not listen."

"Very well. I am silent. But, since he does not know of this result of your residence under his roof, I presume his approval—"

"You needn't finish that. It would be a mere waste of breath. I have his approval. I am one of his most tenderly regarded friends. To see me married to Maude is the greatest desire of his heart."

"Indeed? How did it all happen?"

Anson shrugged his shoulders.

"How do such things always happen?" he queried. "I became a resident, for a little time, at Dayber's Echo. I fell in love with Maude Dayber. Do you see anything strange in that?"

"No."

"I managed to serve her father—"

"Yes, by sending Mrs. Dayber, a woman as sane as ever lived, away to some hideous prison-house designed for the security of irresponsible lunatics. You served—"

"Dr. Pillah, you are acting like a fool. You have not answered my question yet, and perhaps you don't mean to do so. Let me warn you, if that is your purpose, that your behavior may be a louder answer than words could possibly be. Your name was on the document that sent poor, unfortunate Mrs. Dayber to a home for the treatment of insane people."

"I know it was. But I know, too, that Nathan Dayber is himself—"

"Insane? Is he? Do you mean that? Peter Pillah," he said, slowly and emphatically, "remember this: I tell you that never—never—NEVER—shall competent legal authority declare Nathan Dayber an insane man. The man who attempts to rob Maude Dayber of her rights, no matter who he may be, does so at his peril. No one shall frighten Nathan Dayber into lunacy. No one shall drive him into a madhouse. He shall enjoy his possessions while he lives. His children shall enjoy them after him."

"And who are you, sir, to say all this?"

"Who am I? Should I not rather press my question home, demanding to know who you are, that you should try to unsay it? But no. I can wait. Who am I? Maude Dayber's promised husband, and—"

"I did not mean that. Who are you—"

"God knows. I don't."

"You—you mean—that—that—"

"I mean that I am a waif—a nameless waif—and—"

"Where were you born? Where was your early home?"

"My early home was in Boston. I think I was born in Philadelphia. But I do not know. And I don't care to discuss the question with you at present."

"Very well."

"And now—tell me what interest you have in Dayber's Echo."

"Tell me how you know I have any. How do you know I ever had the slightest interest in Valley Park Academy?"

"I will. Professor Vincent Basle is probably the best-posted man in the world in one or two special directions in which I desired to advance beyond the usual boundaries of knowledge. I was a student at Valley Park Academy when you were just too late to purchase it."

"Indeed? And then?"

"And then? The rest is natural enough. Nathan Dayber had to have some physician examine his wife. He chose another man than yourself. I happened—such is fate—to be the man to do the work for him."

"Yes."

"I am not telling you all. But am I not telling you enough?"

"Quite enough."

"I thought you would say so. Very well. Up to the time I went to Dayber's Echo I had been restless, worried, unsatisfied. Some fierce desire seemed to animate my whole being, although I could not tell what it was. I did not wait long to learn after my foot had once fallen across the threshold of that house. And—But why need I say more? Maude has said she will marry me, and—"

"I congratulate you. You have won a prize."

"Two! Maude and—"

Peter Pillah shook his head.

"Do not flatter yourself, my boy," he said; "you will never own Dayber's Echo."

"I will! And what interest, curse you, have you—"

"I will not tell."

"You shall."

"Never."

"I will compel you to tell."

"You cannot do it."

two miles in 6 minutes 24 seconds; Von Panschin, the Russian, was second, in 6 minutes 31 seconds. The championship of the world could not be decided, as Von Pa-hin, who won the first and second events, failed to secure the third. Donoghue's time, 6 minutes and 24 seconds, beats the world's record for the distance by 21 seconds. The previous best amateur record was 6 minutes 56 1-5 seconds, by Alexander Paulsen. The previous best professional record was 6 minutes 45 seconds, by Hugh McCormick. On the 13th inst., at Amsterdam, Von Panschin beat Donoghue by one-fifth of a second in the mile, making the fastest time on record, 2 minutes 57 seconds. The young American then hastened to Hamburg, arriving there just in time to take part in the race for the Hamburg Cup, on the 15th. Though greatly fatigued from his long journey, he won the race and prize, defeating all the German champions. The day following, he won the ladies' gold cup, skating five miles, making the fastest time on record. This news was jubilantly received at the young champion's home in Newburg, and he will have a grand reception upon his return. The boy has never before been in races when his closest friends have not been present, and now, in a strange land and without an acquaintance except the gentleman who went over with him, his work is considered marvelous. It is all the more so because he had no ice, and consequently no practice, when the first contest with Von Panschin took place. The *Spirit of the Times* publishes an extract from a private letter from Timothy Donoghue, Sr., himself an old-time champion skater, in which he says of his boy: "As far as we have now heard, Joe's trip sums up as follows: He has won three races and lost three. He has beaten the champions of England, Holland, Sweden and Germany, and has won all his races at distances of one mile. He has been beaten only at a half mile and a mile, and only by one skater, the Russian champion. I think we have no reason to be ashamed of our boy, and I have only this to say: If Joe does not beat Von Panschin at a mile this Winter, I will send him to Christiania, Norway, next October; let him stay there until he gets all the practice he wants, and then send him to St. Petersburg and have him try Mr. Von Panschin at home."

## THE ATHLETIC UNION GAMES.

NEW YORK'S great athletic arena, the Madison Square Garden, having been completely renovated and freshened for the occasion, was the scene, last Saturday afternoon and evening, of one of the largest and most brilliant events ever witnessed within its walls—the Winter Handicap Games of the Amateur Athletic Union of America. No less than 700 athletes were entered for the various competitions. One hundred and thirty officials, selected from athletic clubs all over the country, supervised the events. The entries came from all parts of the United States, and from Canada and Great Britain, the Staten Island Athletic Club sending in the greatest number—100—though closely pressed by the New York Athletic Club. The evening's programme contained only final struggles, all the trials being run off in the Garden in the afternoon. Running and jumping, hurdle-racing, weight-throwing and tug-of-war pulling, foot-ball and lacrosse, were the principal features of this great amateur athletic meeting. There were over 100 starters in the 75-yards sprint, 80 in the 220-yards run, and 12 tug-of-war teams. Twenty-five "cracks" were entered for the 2-mile bicycle race; there were 33 men in the walking race, including the champion Burckhardt, but many well-known names were among the 80 entered for the 1-mile run. Our illustration upon page 408 shows the finish of this exciting event, at the instant when the winner "breasts the tape." These pages go to press too early to enable us to procure the records—many of them notable—of the various contests; but these will have been given in detail by the daily newspapers and the journals of sport.

## DR. TALMAGE'S WICKED DOG.

REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE tells this good dog story in the New York *Observer*: "We sat in the country parsonage, on a cold Winter day, looking out of our back window towards the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on our side of the fence we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage, and that an injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

"On the wintry morning of which we speak our neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was our dismay to see that our dog Carlo, on whose early education we were expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! We hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking, he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down towards the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged, that when he heard us, with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the incumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him.

"So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

"A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have

put my foot on the freezer, and taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and with assumed indignation demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound.

"The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But, after awhile, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the celebrated painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property.

"Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

"Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him."

## PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENTS' WIVES.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Press* writes: "The ladies of the Women's Press Association, of Washington, which includes thirty or forty writers for the provincial papers, several poetesses and authors, and one or two ladies of some literary distinction, have undertaken to raise the funds to pay for the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland to be hung in the White House. They were so pleased with the toilet she wore on New Year's Day that they want her to be immortalized in that dress, and propose to employ the best artist they can get to give her sittings between now and March 4th.

"The Government of the United States pays for the portraits of the Presidents to be hung in the White House, and for those of Cabinet officers to be hung in the departments over which they preside; but all the portraits of Presidents' wives that hang in the White House have been paid for by private subscription and presented to the Government. There are four of them. The first is that of Martha Washington, in the East Room, and although a very beautiful picture, it is said to be ideal, because the artist had nothing but a few small miniatures to guide him in his work. Mrs. Tyler's portrait, which hangs in the Green Room, was painted from life not many years ago; and that of Mr. James K. Polk, a stately dame, which hangs opposite, was also painted from life. The fourth is that of Mrs. Hayes, which was painted by Andrews at the order of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and presented to the Government in commemoration of that lady's courage in banishing wine from the Executive Mansion."

## LOVE-LETTERS ON FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS.

THE Buffalo man who won a sweet girl by writing numerous love-letters to her on five-dollar bills has started a fashion that will make courting harder than ever. Not only will the dear creatures refuse to return such missives in case of quarrel, but they will insist on bills of larger denomination being used. The world will seem but a dreary place to a man who has been using five-dollar bills as stationery for his love-letters when he gets a note like this from the adored object: "Another young gentleman is writing to me on ten-dollar bills. Unless you employ twenty-dollar bills, all is over between us."

## A BELT OF STEEL FOR A BROAD CONTINENT

THE Philadelphia *Record* says: "This is an era of great undertakings by land and sea. One of the latest is the railroad project to connect Recife (Pernambuco), the most eastern sea-port of Brazil, with Valparaiso, Chile, the nearest harbor on the west coast of South America to Australia and New Zealand. The voyage from Lisbon to Recife is made by steamers in nine days, and Valparaiso could be reached by the proposed railroad route from Recife in five days, making the time from Europe to the Pacific Coast fourteen days. In obliquely cutting South America the road would traverse the fertile Provinces of Brazil, Paraguay, the Argentine Republic and Chile. In both Brazil and the Argentine Republic use could be made of skeletons of railroads already constructed. The estimated cost of the undertaking is \$150,000,000. A syndicate has been formed in Rio to obtain grants of land and money from the countries interested.

"It need not be said that, upon more grounds than one, this project, as well as all other projects for the development of South America, if accomplished, would be of great importance to the people of the United States. With the progress of that vast region in agriculture and commerce its trade with this country would immensely increase if the American people should take advantage of their opportunities. But this is not to the United States the most important consideration involved in the development of Brazil, as well as other countries of South America. If the railroad should penetrate those countries and make their cheap and fertile lands available for remunerative cultivation, a very large emigration would be attracted from Europe. The mighty stream of immigration that now pours on these shores would be greatly diminished by diversion to South America, and thus a problem that seems to perplex many people in the United States might be solved."

## CABANEL.

"A GREAT many of my pictures," writes the great French artist Cabanel, "are owned in the United States, and I must confess to a feeling of gratification at the thought that my work is known and appreciated by the Americans, among whom I number so many friends. Among these paintings (I name them rather at random, I must own) are the 'Rebecca at the Well' and the 'Marriage of Tobit,' belonging to Mr. J. W. Mackay; 'Boniface and Aglae,' now in Cincinnati; the 'Birth of Venus,' a replica of my picture in the Luxembourg, which is in the collection of Mr. Gibson, of Philadelphia; the 'Evening Star,' also in Philadelphia; the 'Sulamite,' now in the Metropolitan Museum

of New York; the 'Insomnia of Phedro,' a reduction of the large work presented by me to the Museum of Montpellier, which is owned by Mrs. Leiter, of Washington; 'Ruth and Boaz,' the 'Death of Ephelia,' the 'Casket Scene' from the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Jephthah's Daughter,' belonging to Mr. Bonynge, of California; the 'Pia de Tolomei,' bought by Mr. Vanderbilt; the 'Margaret' of 'Faust,' 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' 'Vashti,' etc. I have also painted the portraits of a great many Americans—the delicacy and grace and refined type of American beauty being peculiarly congenial to my pencil.

"Then, too, many of the celebrities of Paris life, political, artistic or social, have been fixed by my pencil upon canvas. I have painted Mlle. Nilsson as 'Ophelia' in the first bloom of her youth and in the first flush of her fame. The Duke de Mornay sat for me in a hunting-costume. The Duchess de Luynes, with her beautiful children, the Countess Pillet-Will, the Countess de Mercy-Argenteau and the good abbé and nun who were the founders of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor were among my sitters. I must not fail to mention among my American portraits a full-length one of Mrs. Worsham, of New York, now Mrs. C. P. Huntington. This work, one of the most important and successful of my full-length portraits, never was exhibited in Paris, greatly to my regret, as the lady left for New York, taking it with her, almost immediately after its completion. 'Cleopatra,' painted for the Museum at Antwerp, is the latest of my large historical pictures. I am now at work on a portrait of the Countess de Kessler, as well as on a 'Judith' and a single figure representing Tragedy."

## BLOOD AND MANNERS.

"LORD PALMERSTON," writes Labouchere in London *Truth*, "said to a friend of mine, who, as a young fellow, was patronized by that statesman: 'Never forget that a much-neglected road to success is agreeable manners. The man or woman with agreeable manners will make headway in the face of the worst difficulties. Every one is against the disagreeable people, whose best chance lies in excluding themselves as much as they can.' Emperor William might ponder with advantage on these words of Pam. Not having secluded himself, but gone to Vienna and Rome, the allies of his grandfather there would gladly slip from their alliance with him. The old Emperor and the Emperor Frederick bore their great positions with simplicity and sweetness. William II. bears with impatience all opinions that do not match with his own, and is arrogant in putting them down. He has made the Emperor Franz Joseph bristle up. The Italians were unfavorably impressed by him. From whom did he take his bad manners? His father was such a nice, good fellow and so knightly! The old grandfather was courtesy itself. The Emperor Frederick is not insolent or haughty; neither is Angustia, who attaches but small importance to her imperial rank, and whose ideal of life is intellectual and lady-like bohemianism. My theory to explain the bad form of William II. is that he has too much Saxe-Coburg blood in his veins. The Queen's manners, when she is in good humor, are pleasant. But when she is not—well, I don't venture to say how she struck me on a public occasion on which I saw her in a sullen mood."

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE northern limits of the culture of the silkworm are being steadily extended. Experiments made last Summer at Astrakhan showed that it could easily be carried on at the mouth of the Volga. Notwithstanding the age of the mulberry-trees which were planted at Astrakhan thirty-five years since, the results of the experiments proved satisfactory, and 20,000 cocoons were received this year.

AN English electrician has invented a material which he calls *alterion*, for the prevention of corrosion in boilers. The interior is coated with this, and currents of electricity are passed through the boiler, and from time to time reversed. The formation of the scale is prevented by a layer of hydrogen gas, which is deposited upon the inner surface of the boiler. The reversed currents reform the hydrogen into pure water, a thin layer of pure water being thus kept all around the boiler.

THE experiments of steam-disinfection recently tried in Jacksonville have proved that the steaming process is thoroughly efficacious in destroying microbes in general, and also the yellow-fever microbes. Active germs placed by Dr. Gibier in a gelatin-filled glass tube germinated, showing unmistakable life and activity. Microbes subjected to the steaming process, though for only ten minutes, and under very imperfect conditions, were afterwards subjected to the same cultivation, but remained entirely inert.

SEVERAL cases of electric prostration are reported from Creusot, France. It affects workers under electric light. The light exceeds 100,000 candle-power, and it appears that it is this excess of light, not the heat, which produces the nervous symptoms. A very painful sensation in the throat, face and temples is first noticed, then the skin becomes coppery-red, and irritation is felt about the eyes; much lachrymation ensues, and these symptoms then disappear, whilst the skin peels off in five days. The effects are comparable to those produced by walking over fresh snow in the sunlight; and may be regarded as a sort of "sun-burning."

AN improvement has been introduced in the manufacture of battery-jars from wood-pulp which considerably increases their power of resisting the battery solutions while removing all danger from the leakage which has heretofore sometimes been the result of imperfect treatment. These jars are made of ground wood in the same manner as the well-known pails and similar utensils, but after having been formed and dried are treated by immersion in a composition which penetrates the pulp and renders the jar acid-proof. It has been found difficult in the past to insinuate in the case of every jar a thorough penetration of each fibre by the protecting compound, owing to the considerable amount of air which the fibres themselves and the spaces between them contain. This difficulty has now been happily surmounted by the ingenious device of treating the jars in a vacuum, whereby the air is removed, and then, while the jars are still submerged, admitting air on top of the fluid used for treating. The air-pressure thus forces the compound into every portion of the material forming the jar, and renders certain the protection of every fibre.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Parnell Commission resumed its sittings last week. An effort is to be made to shorten the inquiry.

THE North-western railroad companies have agreed to sell 2,000-mile tickets at the rate of two cents a mile.

THE United States Grand Jury investigating alleged election frauds in Indiana have indicted seventy-five persons.

DISPATCHES from Africa state that the Zanzibar rebels have captured and sold into slavery several German missionaries and a hundred refugees.

THE Pennsylvania Prison Society has opened an Industrial Home in Philadelphia for the benefit of released prisoners, which will teach them trades.

THE high-license law in Minnesota has rid the City of St. Paul of more than half of its saloons, while increasing the city revenues by \$24,700.

A DISPATCH from Port-au-Prince says that \$30,000 of the \$120,000 indemnity asked of Hayti by the owners of the *Haytian Republic* has been paid.

DR. KRUSS, a chemist of Munich, has succeeded in decomposing cobalt and nickel, both of which have hitherto been supposed to be elementary substances.

THE New York Board of Aldermen has adopted resolutions petitioning the Legislature to legalize the sale of liquors on Sunday between noon and midnight.

REPRESENTATIVES of the English stockholders of the fraudulent Electric Sugar Refining Company are now in this country for the purpose of investigating the collapse.

THERE is a Mormon settlement in Minnesota which is said to be steadily growing. They have six missions at work among the Scandinavian settlers of the State.

ENGLAND having refused to accept the invitation extended by our Government to send delegates to the International Maritime Conference, the project has been indefinitely postponed.

THE Governor of Florida has called an extra session of the Legislature, to establish a State Board of Health, and to take other measures calculated to improve the health and sanitary condition of the State.

IN a speech at the opening of the Prussian Landtag, last week, the German Emperor declared that the foreign relations of the country were friendly, and that the hope of peace might be confidently cherished.

JUDGE TULEY, of Chicago, has refused to issue a special injunction against the police, asked for by the Arbeiter Bund, but he holds that anarchists have a right to peaceably assemble, and that such meetings cannot be prohibited.

PRINCETON COLLEGE is to have a scientific expedition next Summer, under the direction of Professors Scott and Osborn. The expedition will go to the bad lands of Oregon, for the purpose of collecting fossils for the department of paleontology and geology.

THE new American navy, when completed, will consist of 22 vessels, ranging from the armored cruiser *Maine*, carrying 444 men, down to a first-class torpedo-boat, carrying 4 officers and 18 men. There will be 5,786 men on board the 22 vessels—500 officers and 5,286 sailors and marines.

A SYNDICATE of American capitalists have undertaken to build 650 miles of railway for the Chilean Government. The roads will penetrate the Peruvian territory acquired by Chile in the late war, and bind it to the conquering party by hooks of steel. The work is to be completed in five years.

TWO years ago the Legislature of Nebraska passed an Anti-Trust Bill which has not answered the expectations of the Granger legislators. Another and more stringent measure has accordingly been introduced, and should it be passed and enforced, the promoters of pools will be likely to suffer.

SECRETARY BAYARD has recommended to Congress that an appropriation of \$15,000 should be made for the relief of the families of those Japanese subjects who were killed on the Island of Iki-Sima, as the result of the *Omaha*'s target practice. There should be no delay in acting favorably upon the suggestion.

THE Electoral Colleges in the various States met on the 14th inst. and cast their votes for President and Vice-president, the result being, as already known, 233 for Harrison and Morton, against 168 for Cleveland and Thurman. The popular vote stands up: For Harrison, 5,436,687; for Cleveland, 5,534,867.

THE Order of the American League of the Cross is a new Roman Catholic organization devoted to the suppression of the saloon evil. The Order does not enforce total abstinence, but it compels its members to keep away from saloons, and to abstain from drinking or treating therein. In Brooklyn, the movement is developing a good deal of strength.

THE Navy Department has ordered the war-ship *Trenton* to proceed at once to Samoa, to assist in looking after the interests of Americans residing on that turbulent group of islands. The *Trenton* has been cruising about the Isthmus, to be ready for any emergency growing out of the Panama Canal affairs, but two other cruisers are to be sent, one to each side of the Isthmus.

THE House of Representatives has passed an "Omnibus Bill" as a substitute for the Senate Bill for the admission of South Dakota as a State. The Bill provides for the admission of South Dakota and Montana, provided that at an election next November the people of both South and North Dakota vote for division; otherwise the Territory is to come in as one State. As to North Dakota and Washington, they are coupled with New Mexico, with the evident purpose of keeping them out of the Union till the latest possible moment.

THE severest earthquake experienced since 1882 was felt throughout the Republic of Costa Rica on December 30th. In San José, both the national Capitol and the magnificent cathedral, fronting the public square, which required ten years of labor to erect, at an expenditure of \$1,000,000, are in ruins. The Presidential Palace, City-hall, national Post-office, and a dozen other public buildings, were almost wrecked. Advices from surrounding cities report the shock even more severe, and bring accounts of loss of both life and property. The latest estimate of the damage throughout the country exceeds \$5,000,000.

## PICTURES FROM SAMOA.

A NUMBER of very interesting pictures of Samoan scenes and natives, engraved from recent photographs furnished by Ensign Ernest Wilkinson, of the United States Navy, appear on this page. They include some typical figures, an interior view of a Samoan native habitation, and a specimen of the war-canoe employed by the islanders in their tribal battles. The bread-fruit tree and the *taro* supply the Samoan with his staple articles of diet, while the paper-mulberry furnishes the *taua* cloth for his scanty clothing, and bamboo and rushes give the materials for his thatched hut. The men are physically a fine race, their average height being about 5 feet 10 inches, while their small hips, square shoulders and well-developed biceps make them models for a gladiator. Their bodies, greased with cocoanut-oil, shine like polished bronze. The hair is bleached a light brownish red by an application of coral-lime. The women are of small stature, usually well formed, with fine, intelligent eyes, and some of them quite pretty, even according to Caucasian standards.

A dispatch from Sydney, N. S. W., dated January 17th, says the German steamer *Lübeck*, just arrived there from Samoa, reports that all was quiet on the islands up to the 8th inst.

Secretary Bayard last week issued all the correspondence of the State Department, regarding the Samoan matter, up to date.

## A TORPEDO CLASS AT NEWPORT

WHILE the cruisers and torpedo-boats of the new navy are developing at the ship-yards, the officers who are to manœuvre these engines of modern warfare in the future are equipping themselves with practical experiments, and seeing service by means of imaginary combats on the chart and blackboard. Mr. Davidson's picture, on page 413, shows a class of young naval officers attending a lecture in the War College at Newport. This experimental school is situated on Coaster's Harbor Island, Goat Island, opposite the City Wharves, is the head-quarters of the torpedo division of the United States Naval Service. Here the theory and practice of torpedo warfare are expounded by experienced officers and engineers. The window of the lecture-room, in the picture, looks out over the harbor—where an American man-of-war lies at anchor—towards Fort Adams, on Brenton's Point. Most of the officers present,

including the lecturer himself, are not old enough to have taken part in any serious naval battle. But, for that matter, the whole science and possibilities of modern naval warfare are more or less questions of theory, no actual engagement having been fought out on the sea recently enough to test the ponderous guns, steel armaments, fast cruisers, dynamite guns and formidable torpedoes which are the pride of inventors and Governments in our time.

## GENERAL HARRISON AS A LISTENER.

AN Indianapolis correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says that since the 6th of November the President-elect has had between 2,000 and 3,000 personal callers, half of them entire strangers, to whom he has been obliged to give separate audiences lasting from ten minutes to two or three hours. The writer adds: "Under this continual pressure of visitors, the President-elect has naturally hardened and toughened, until a run of 100 or 200 callers on some special occasion scarcely shakes his nerves. No man can be more patient and courteous as a listener than General Harrison. Only the other day he remarked that he had done his talking during the campaign, and would have another chance after March 4th. Now he was listening to what other people had to say. Most of the general's callers will agree that this plausibility is literally true. Once beyond friendly personal chat, reminiscences of the campaign and general talk on subjects that come up, the President-elect soon indicates that he would rather have the passive share in the conversation. He asks many questions, but expresses few opinions. One thing many visitors have been struck with—the general never makes the first move to close the interview. The caller can talk on until he has had his whole say and feels ready to go. The perfect courtesy of attention is likely to come to his mind afterwards, and if he is a territorial politician boasting some new State, he may have prickings of conscience for having dwelt so long on a subject with which General Harrison was probably far more familiar than himself.

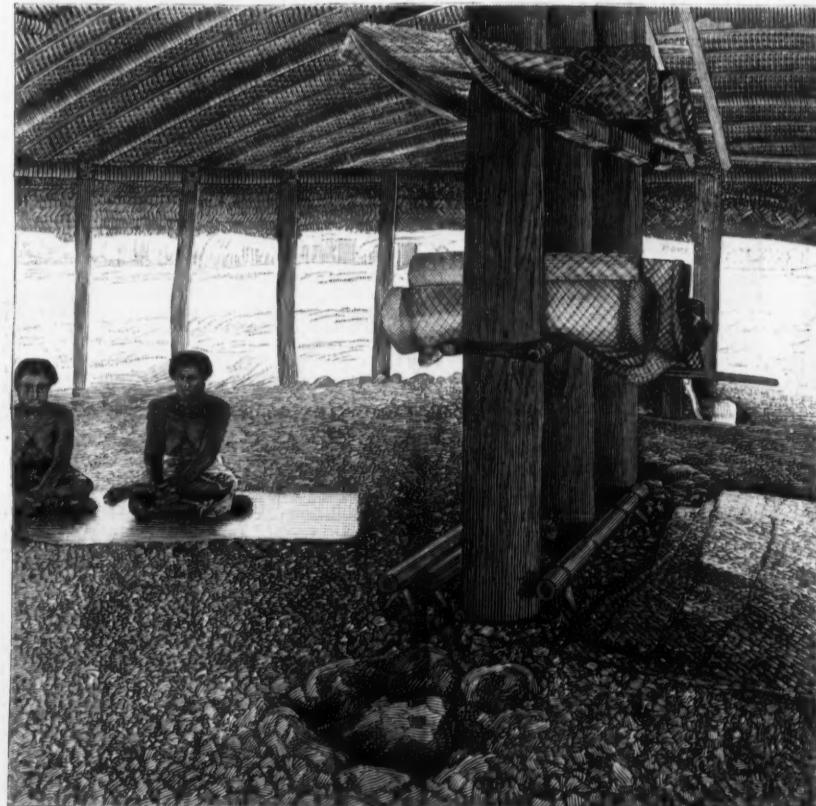
"The President-elect is widely known as an accomplished hand-shaker. Indeed, in a hasty personal sketch of him, published in *Le Figaro*, of Paris, a few days after the election, this characteristic was brought out most conspicuously. The only other things the writer seemed sure of were that the general was a descendant of Pocahontas,



FIGHTING COSTUME

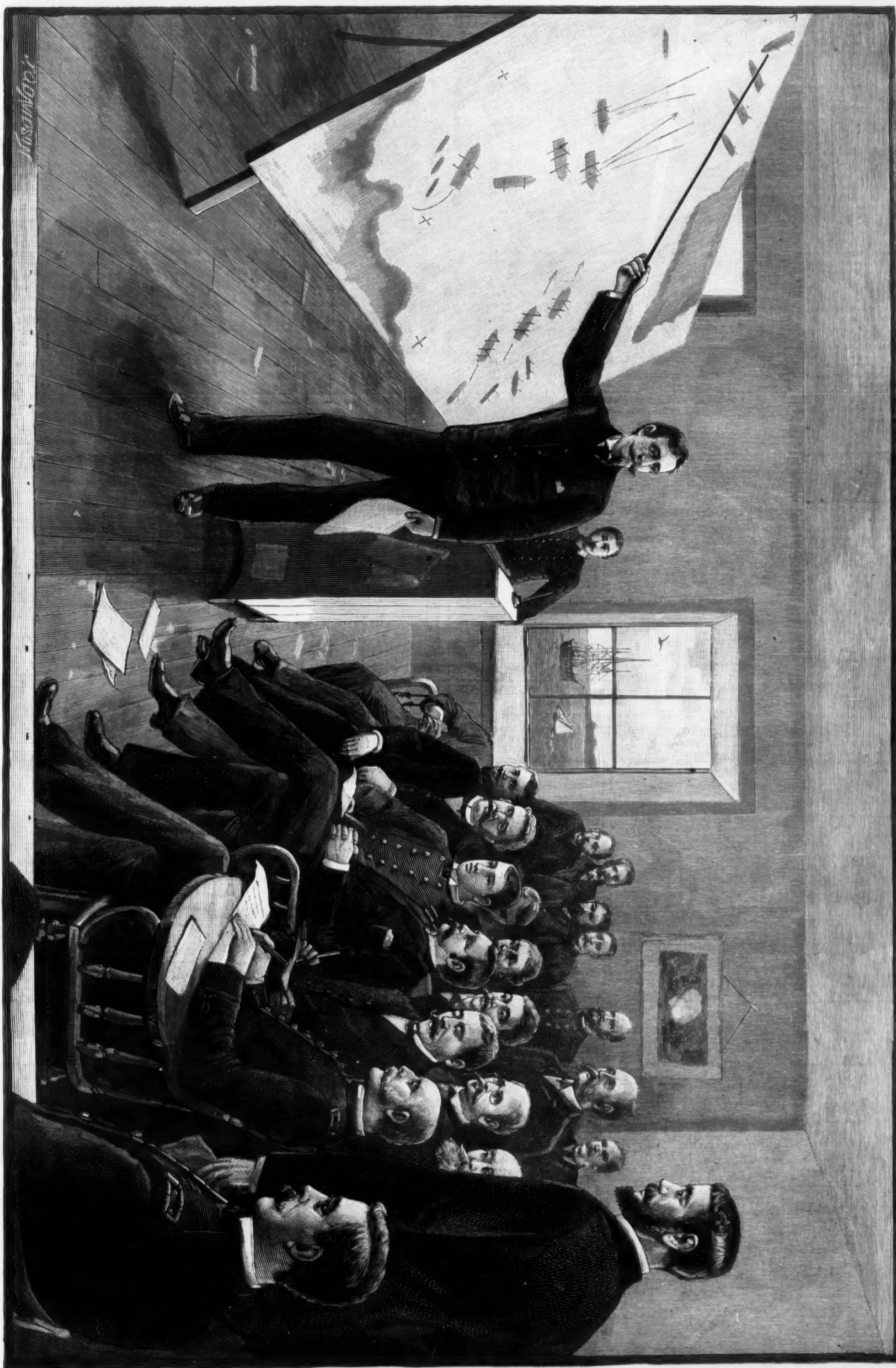


BOY AND GIRL.



INTERIOR OF NATIVE HUT.

THE TROUBLES IN SAMOA.—CHARACTERISTIC TYPES AND SCENES ON THE ISLAND.  
FROM PHOTOS TAKEN FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."



RHODE ISLAND.—LECTURE-ROOM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE, AT COASTER'S HARBOR ISLAND—A LECTURE ON NAVAL TACTICS.

DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—SEE PAGE 412.

and that Mrs. Harrison was fond of giving afternoon teas. President-elect Harrison has the art, which Mr. Blaine also excels in, and which General Grant sadly lacked, of getting the first grip, so to speak, in shaking hands. He does the shaking himself, and never allows his hand to get in the vice of an enthusiastic and muscular admirer. So, after a long reception his palms are not puffed up, his fingers are not stiff and his wrist is not almost out of joint. The pressure, too, is a lively and cordial one, and puts the stranger at once at ease."

#### A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR TO FLORIDA

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

FOLLOWING up the policy so successfully inaugurated last Winter, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that a series of tours will be arranged this season for points in Florida and Georgia. The first is fixed for Monday, January 28th. On that date a special train of Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars, under the superintendence of the Tourist Agent and Chaperon, will leave New York 6:30 p.m., Newark 6:59, Elizabeth 7:08, Trenton 8:05, Philadelphia 9:20, Wilmington 10:04, Baltimore 11:40, Washington 12:50 a.m., and run through via the Atlantic Coast Line to Jacksonville and Thomasville, arriving at the former on the morning and the latter early in the afternoon of the second day. The round-trip tickets, which will admit of a two weeks' visit in the South, including Pullman accommodations and meals *en route* in both directions, will be sold from New York at \$48, Philadelphia, \$46, and at rates in proportion from other principal stations on the system. The rates to both Thomasville and Jacksonville are the same, but the tickets are distinct. This trip will undoubtedly prove a most delightful one, as the return limit of the tickets enables the tourist to visit all the important points in this attractive section. For detailed information, consult ticket agents of the Company, or address S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York, or 205 Washington Street, Boston.

#### TEN DAYS AT OLD POINT COMFORT.

OLD POINT COMFORT has for many years been recognized as one of our leading Winter resorts, both for health and pleasure. Fine climate, excellent accommodations and easy accessibility are in great measure responsible for the favor with which it is regarded by the best people. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's pleasure tours to that point set for January 17th and 31st and February 7th serve to enable those who need a short vacation to spend it most pleasantly in this delightful section of Virginia. The tickets for these tours are valid for return trip for ten days. They may be purchased going and returning direct, or going direct and returning *via* Richmond and Washington, with the privilege of stopping off in both cities. The rate from New York, which also includes one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel, is \$11 direct, or \$13 returning *via* Richmond and Washington. The rates from other stations on the New York Division are proportionately low. The management of the Hygeia Hotel will grant a reduction to the tourists during their stay.

Each party will be carried from Philadelphia by special train in charge of the Tourist Agent and Chaperon, and tourists from all points east of Trenton may take the train leaving New York at 6:20 a.m. on the date of the tour, or, if they prefer, use their tickets to Philadelphia on the day previous and take the special leaving Broad Street Station at 9 a.m. on the date of the tour. Itineraries, with detailed information, may be procured at the ticket-offices of the company.

#### FUN.

The little girl who wrote on her examination paper, "The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of exploration," was wiser than she thought.—*Baltimore American*.

UNPRECEDENTED success and still increasing sales attend Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. 25 cents. SALVATION OIL is the best thing in the market for both man and beast. Price 25 cents.

FIRST LADY (looking at programme)—"Tell me, what does *La Maître des Forges* mean?" SECOND LADY (patronizingly)—"The Master of the Forges, dear; it's the original of 'Jim, the Penman,' you know."

#### A TALISMAN.

TREATMENT by inhalation observes that prime rule of success—it begins right. That is to say, it does not attempt to usurp the prerogatives of Nature, but simply urges and gives durability to her more kindly moods. Here are some witnesses to testify to the truth of this statement:

"McCONNELLVILLE, O., Sept. 14th, 1886.  
Not myself alone, but all of my family have been greatly benefited by the use of Compound Oxygen."—MRS. F. A. DAVIS."

"ACHILLES, KAN., April 23d, 1887.  
I have great faith in Compound Oxygen."—A. LYLE MCKINNEY."

"CHICAGO, ILL., May 29th, 1887.  
I am happy to say that I am better every way since using the Compound Oxygen."—M. G. KIMMEL."

"OAKLAND, O., May 29th, 1887.  
I am still improving in every respect."—R. L. HALSTEAD."

"INDEPENDENCE, ORE., Feb. 26th, 1888.  
Compound Oxygen has done wonders for me."—PROF. J. S. HENRY."

"KANOPOLIS, KAN., May 24th, 1888.  
I wish that every tired-out, miserable woman could have the home treatment of Compound Oxygen."—MRS. ISAAC M. REED."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.; or 351 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

#### CATARH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

#### MIDWINTER ICE CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL.

THE Fifth Grand Midwinter Carnival at Montreal is to be held February 4th to 9th, inclusive. The committee in charge of arrangements promise this Carnival will exceed in splendor those previously held in that city. A gorgeous Ice Palace is in course of erection, and will be completed in time for the opening. There will be the usual round of fun and festivity on each day of the Carnival. Railroad excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates, and the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad has arranged with the Wagner Palace Car Company for an ample supply of new and handsome drawing room and sleeping cars, to be run between New York and Montreal during the Carnival, and has also arranged for a number of cars which can be chartered for the use of private parties. Programmes giving full particulars as to the Carnival, rates, train-service, etc., will soon be ready for distribution, and then can be had on application to ticket agents.

#### BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

ARE known and used all over the world, and at all seasons, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Bronchial troubles. Sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors, John I. Brown & Sons, on the wrapper.—[Adv.]

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

We are in receipt of Maule's Seed Catalogue, from Philadelphia, for 1889. It certainly surpasses all previous efforts of this house; the letter-press is particularly fine. Among the many unique features of the book, we notice that Mr. Maule this year proposes to distribute among his customers \$3,500 in cash prizes, for premium vegetables, etc., raised by them in the coming season. We believe the liberality of this offer has never been surpassed or in any way approached by any other house in America. No reader of this paper interested in gardening should fail to send for a copy, which will be mailed free to all sending their address to Wm. Henry Maule, of Philadelphia.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

THE most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER.  
19, Faub. St. Honore, Paris.

**Scott's EMULSION**  
OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.  
So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.  
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.  
SCOTT'S EMULSION  
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.  
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

**\$500 OFFERED**  
for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of  
**DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

**Pierce's Pleasanturgative Pellets**  
The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.  
Purely Vegetable & Harmless.

Unequalled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.



NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

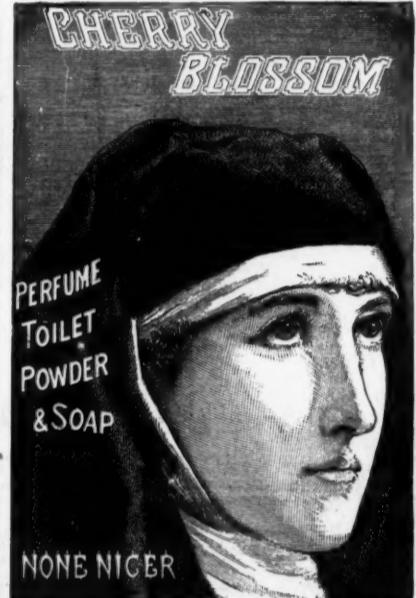
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG and CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, Blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED  
**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
THEN WHY NOT TRY  
**WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,**  
**CARACAS CHOCOLATE,**  
**BREAKFAST COCOA,**  
and other preparations.  
L. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manuf'r's., Philadelphia, Pa.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been in curing

**SICK**

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**HEADACHE**

Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

**ACHE**

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

**\$230** A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BROWN, Detroit, Mich.

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New York, Charleston and Florida Lines.

Steamers are appointed to sail from Pier 29, East River, N. Y., at 3 P.M. as follows:

For JACKSONVILLE, FLA., every TUESDAY direct; every FRIDAY, calling at Charleston, S. C. For CHARLESTON, S. C., every Tues. and Friday. For FERNANDINA, FLA., every Tuesday, calling at Charleston.

NORTH-BOUND steamers are appointed to sail as per schedule in local papers.

From JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Thurs. & Sundays.

From FERNANDINA, FLA., Sundays.

The fleet is composed of the following elegant steamers: IROQUOIS (new), CHEROKEE, SEMINOLE, YEMASSEE and DELAWARE.

This is the only line of steamers running through to JACKSONVILLE, FLA., without change.

For further information apply to W. M. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, 35 Broadway, New York; 12 South Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa.

THEO. G. EGER, Traffic Manager, 35 B'dway, N. Y.

**Darlington, Runk & Co.**

French and Scotch Cotton Dress Fabrics,  
Highest Quality French Sateens,  
Superior Quality Scotch Zephyrs,

In entirely new designs and combination of colors, confined exclusively to our firm, enabling us to offer our customers many goods that it is not possible for them to obtain elsewhere, in addition to the largest stock ever shown at retail.

**1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia**

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**  
MADE WITH BOILING WATER.  
**EPPS'S COCOA**  
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop't., 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.

317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

**WEIS & CO.**  
First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.  
Successors to C. WEIS, Mfr's of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free.

399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes etc., made in newest designs.

2 NEW ARTICLES FOR THE PRICE OF 1.  
To introduce our new and fast-selling novel, we will, for 30 days only, send, postpaid, the  
"HAT RACK" and the "STICK HOOK & HAT RACK" for 50c. The  
"HAT RACK" is complete with 4 adjustable  
holders, made of durable India rubber, and  
the "STICK HOOK" is made of  
the finest quality of  
steel, and is  
the most  
beautiful  
thing in  
existence. Sticks  
on your hat on a window, mirror, or any  
other surface, and you will be  
surprised at the  
convenience and  
utility of the  
"HAT RACK." Price 50c.  
Send 50c. postage  
to WORLD MFG. CO., 122 Nassau St., N.Y.

#### OLD GUARD BALL.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE,  
THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 24.

Tickets \$5 (admit gentleman and ladies), and chairs (on third tier) \$2, secured at the Armory, 6th Ave. and 14th St., and Miller's Ticket Office, Equitable Building, 120 Broadway.

"A Glass of Fashion and a Mold of Form."

Rents in our Robes,  
By MRS. FRANK LESLIE.  
12mo, pp. 128.

A group of charming essays on dress, manners, deportment, education, amusement, travel, home relations, and social ethics in general, constituting a unique and brilliant review of modern life, sparkling in style, modern in spirit, and of permanent value.

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## Every Household

Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Lewis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly

### Relieved By

the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. H. Hessler, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Nebr.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of whooping cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine."—D. M. Bryant, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

ESTABLISHED 1801.



## Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR

Is not only the oldest and cheapest, but the most useful preparation for preserving, restoring and beautifying the hair which has ever been offered to the public. It is recommended by our best Chemists and Physicians, and has been extensively and successfully used in all parts of the world. BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N.Y. City.

## M. CRANE, Electrotyper and Stereotyper, 17, 19 and 21 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.

## MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE. The Shortest Line TO TEXAS, MEXICO and CALIFORNIA.

Only one change of cars via Laredo from St. Louis to City of Mexico. The shortest and quickest line. Through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. St. Louis to Los Angeles, San Francisco, "Only and that does it." Only Direct Line to the Great Hot Springs of Arkansas. Tickets via this route on sale at all upon ticket offices in the United States.

## When you BUY A DOORMAT ASK FOR THE "FLEXIBLE" or the NATIONAL' WIRE MAT with Flattened Coils.

and take no other. They are the Strongest, most Durable, and ALWAYS CLEAN. They are reversible, and have ten times more scraping surface than any other. The REST AND CHEAPEST. Sold by all Carpet and Hardware Dealers. Made only by THE NATIONAL WIRE MAT CO., CHICAGO. Send for Illustrated Price List.

## OPIUM

or Morphine Habit in every form can only be cured by the Dr. J. L. Stephens Body, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have pain.

comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N.Y.

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Photos 20 Lovely full-length Beauties, only 10c. 60 for 25c. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N.Y.

## ARE YOU RUPTURED?

That is the question: Are you Ruptured? If so, use

### FRINK'S RUPTURE REMEDY,

The only quick, safe, sure and permanent CURE for HERNIA (Breach) or RUPTURE. This great remedy has cured many persons every year for the last 30 years, AND THEY HAVE STAYED CURED. It cures by penetrating through the pores of the skin and building up and strengthening the abdominal wall, at the same time closing the hernial opening. The remedy is generally used in connection with a truss. Children in arms are cured without a truss. The pressure can be relaxed gradually, and

### THE TRUSS ABANDONED

in 6 or 8 weeks. Price of Remedy, sufficient to cure an ordinary case, \$5. Sample package, containing enough to show good effect, \$1. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Full directions with each package. O. FRINK, Sole Proprietor, 234 Broadway, New York (opposite Post-office).

## PILES

Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free.

Address, J. H. REEVES, 73 Nassau St., New York.

### JUST WHAT YOU REQUIRE!

#### DENTAL PENCIL

##### NEW TOILET ARTICLE

For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scurf from the Teeth, thus completely stopping the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive effect, safe and convenient. Price by mail one cent. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen. H. L. FESLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 464 Broome Street, New York.

### REASONS WHY



## COD LIVER OIL.

### Should be preferred to all others:

Because—It is genuine-pure, just as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish, not depleted of its natural virtues by any process of refining, nor weakened by being made into an emulsion with an equal quantity of water, glycerine, etc., which latter device makes water bring the price of Oil.

Because—In taste and smell it is not offensive, but instead, sweet and agreeable.

Because—Its administration is always followed by satisfactory results.

Because—It is more easily assimilated than other Oils.

Because—It is more nutritious than other Oils.

Because—Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.

Because—This perfect Oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.

Because—It is readily obtainable; all well-stocked Drug Stores have it.

Because—It is unquestionably the purest and best COD-LIVER OIL IN THE WORLD.

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Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

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ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER  
For "LINEAR LEDGER" Paper or  
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made by

CRANE BROS.,  
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Used by all STATIONERS.  
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OUR TRADE-MARK  
These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

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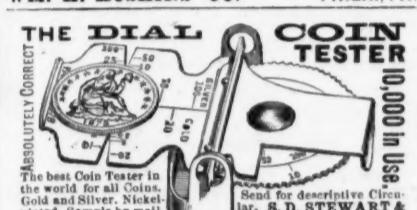
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# PORTLAND, OREGON,

## THE METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

## GEOGRAPHICAL.

**I**N point of geographical location, Portland, the metropolis of the North-west, is singularly favored by nature. Two great rivers, the Columbia and the Willamette, with their numerous tributaries, make this city, in the very nature of things, the beneficiary of their commercial *larceny*. The entire railroad system of that enormous empire which embraces Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and Oregon finds in this city a natural focal point. The systems of California, Utah and Nevada find here a natural contributory and distributing-point. The Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Central and Southern Pacific, all completed transcontinental lines, are in direct communication with the whole broad Republic of the United States by way of Portland. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company makes the city neighbor to the whole long line of the Pacific Coast by its splendid line of steamships from Sitka, Alaska, to San Diego, California. Its main line and numerous tributaries bring the products of grain-fields, stock-farms, orchards, dairies, sheep-walks and mines to the doors of the merchants of the metropolis. Looking at Portland in this month of October, 1888, with its three continental railroads completed to its very doors, I am reminded that nine years ago, when a scant 25,000 made up its enumeration, I happened to meet General Stoneman, since Governor of California, who, in the course of conversation, remarked: "Portland is behind the times. She ought, without delay, to enlarge her water-works system to a capacity for a city of 100,000 inhabitants. It will be but a few years before that number of people will be found there." Such was his opinion when hundreds, and in some directions thousands, of miles intervened between Portland and railroad connection with the outside world. Made thoroughly familiar by extensive travel with the conditions which lead to the growth of cities, and made equally familiar by close observation with the conditions surrounding Portland and the country commercially tributary to her growth, he ventured upon a prediction which in less than five years will be fulfilled, and in all human probability fifty per cent. will be added to his estimate.

## COMMERCIAL.

Perhaps the most natural inference which the intelligent reader will draw from the statement that the population of Portland has increased 140 per cent. in nine years will be the conclusion that, commercially, Portland must be in a thriving condition. The conclusion is a correct one. The most careful estimates place the amount of capital now engaged in the commerce of this city at \$54,000,000. Twenty-one houses engaged in commerce represent, each, sums ranging from \$1,000,000 to much larger amounts. The export trade, foreign and domestic, of the city for 1886-87 amounted to \$15,703,905 (the Board of Trade figures). The articles exported were wheat and flour, salmon, wool, woolen goods, mill-stuffs, flaxseed, hides, hops, barrel stock, potatoes, oats, barley, leather, tallow, butter, eggs, provisions, pig-iron, lumber, laths, green fruit, dried fruit, ore, seal-skins, oil, teasels, stoves, machinery, merchandise, etc. The foreign ports in correspondence with Portland are Queenstown, Bristol, London, Liverpool, Falmouth, Westport, Sligo, Dundalk, Sharpness, Hull, Londonderry, Plymouth, Dublin and Limerick in the British Kingdom; Callao and Iquique in Peru; Valparaiso in Chili; Havre and Malpas in France, and Hong Kong and Haiphong in China. The value of wheat, flour, fish (salmon) and lumber (f. and d.) for the period above named made up \$9,648,555 of the above total. Concerning the export trade for the fiscal year of 1887-88, I learn from the Secretary of the Board of Trade that while the figures (not yet published) may show an apparent decrease, the fact is due to the shrinkage in the price of wool and oats. The production of both staples has increased, as well as the exports of flour and grain. There has been during the past year a notable increase in the demand for goods of all kinds for interior consumption, owing to the great increase of population, the arrivals averaging from 100 to 300 per day. As a noticeable indication of the rapid growth of Portland's commercial interests, it may be stated that in 1883 the shipments of freight by steamer to San Francisco did not average more than 5,000 tons per month, while at present the down shipments will average 15,000 tons per month. Did space permit, many strikingly similar instances of rapid growth could be given.

## BANKING.

The banking interests and facilities of a city are distinctly related to, as well as supplementary to, its commercial relations. I have before me an article reciting the rapid growth of a very beautiful and prosperous city of 41,000 souls, so stated. In that article it is exultingly set forth that the city in question boasts of a banking capital of \$2,000,000. Portland, with its 60,000 inhabitants, has an aggregate banking capital of \$7,307,348.32. A very easily worked out proposition in "proportion" would leave a large balance in favor of the metropolis of the North-west.

## MANUFACTURES.

A very distinguished publicist, the Hon. Leland Stanford, who has recently returned from a tour in Europe, took occasion lately to remark, referring to the condition of affairs in Ireland, that while in that country he was forcibly impressed with the impolicy of any people relying exclusively upon agriculture as a basis for building up or sustaining

a prosperous community or a stable system of government. "Manufactures" said he, "are an essential corollary of even the most extensive and successful cultivation of the soil." Portland boasts—and not without reason, as will be shown in its proper place in this article—of the immense and varied agricultural region so largely contributory to her prosperity. Possibly her progress in the direction of establishing manufacturing plants has not kept pace with her growth in other directions, but much has been done, and her march is onward in this respect. In the *West Shore* for August, 1888, is to be found a very valuable article upon this subject, compiled by the editor, Mr. Harry L. Wells. From that article I collate the following list of industries now in operation in this city and its suburbs: Bags, tents, awnings, sails, etc.; boots and shoes; breweries; brick; brooms, wooden-ware and brushes; car-shops; carpentering; blacksmithing; carriage-making and wagon-making; cement and artificial stone, asphalt paving; cigars; clothing; coffee and spices; confectionery; cooperage; furniture; crackers and breadstuffs; flour; foundries and machine-shops; fruit and vegetable preserving and canning; cordage; gas; ice; iron and steel works; jewelry; lime; lumber; marble-works; matches; meat-packing; musical instruments; paints and oils; paper manufactures; photographs; picture-frames, mirrors, etc.; pottery; printing, lithographing and publishing; reduction works; saddlery and harness; sash, doors, boxes and stairs; ship-building; soap; soda and mineral water; stoves; tanning and wool-pulling; tinware; cornices, metal-roofing, etc.; woolen-mills. It will be seen, on scanning the above list, that the industries of Portland and vicinity cover a wide and varied field. According to Mr. Wells's figures, they represent the investment of capital amounting in the aggregate to \$10,457,000, the employment of 4,891 laborers, a pay-roll amounting to \$2,693,573, and an annual product of \$17,293,300. The foregoing figures presuppose active operations throughout the year, and, I am firmly persuaded, indicate only the tentative beginnings of what must in the nature of things increase with a rapidity which in five years will make these figures seem small by comparison. The field is a broad one, and invites capital, muscle and industry to rich and, I believe, certain rewards.

## AGRICULTURE.

The observant reader, in looking over the list of articles exported from Portland, cannot fail to have realized that the agricultural resources of a country producing the articles named must be "immense." And so they are; no other word than "immense" fully indicates their great possibilities. Take the single item of wheat-lands in the State of Oregon alone, which, though not exclusively so, perhaps, is, the whole of it, more or less contributory to the growth of Portland. In a recent official report to the Secretary of War, Lieutenant Frank Greene, of the United States Signal Corps, says: "In Oregon the interior wheat-lands extend over the principal part of the State lying between latitudes 44° 45' and 46°, and between the 117th and 121st meridians west of Greenwich, with a smaller section in the southern part of Lake and Klamath Counties, covering in all about 300 townships, or 7,000,000 acres of land. Probably one-fifth of this amount should be deducted on account of steepness." To this statement of almost staggering figures should be added Lieutenant Greene's further statement that Washington Territory contains 9,000,000 acres of wheat-land, some of which, incidentally, at least, will not prove an unimportant factor in Portland's growth and prosperity. Lieutenant Greene, in his report, also refers to a very large tract in Oregon lying between the 42d and 44th parallels, not adapted to wheat, except where irrigated, but suitable for profitably breeding horses and cattle. But wheat, horses, sheep, swine and cattle are mere incidents in the agricultural and pastoral resources of Oregon. Whatever the soil of the temperate zone produces in the way of fruits and vegetables, the soil of Oregon can furnish in quantities sufficient to sustain a population more numerous to the square mile than that of Belgium. Consider the climate of the western portion for a moment, in this connection, in the one matter of killing frosts. There are five United States Signal Stations in this portion of the State, located respectively at Albany, Portland, Eola, Roseburg (interior) and Bandon (sea-coast), which have records of nine, fourteen, twelve, fourteen and eleven years, which show as follows with reference to date of frosts:

Station.	Earliest Date.	Latest.	Av. Date.
Albany.....	Oct. 3	Nov. 21	Oct. 26
Bandon.....	Sep. 9	Nov. 13	Oct. 8
.....	Oct. 9	Nov. 29	Oct. 28
Portland.....	Oct. 14	Dec. 6	Nov. 11
Roseburg.....	Oct. 13	Nov. 30	Nov. 4

This article is written on October 27th, 1888, and no frost has made its appearance yet. I made a casual enumeration of the vegetables in market in Portland, all of home growth, on October 6th, and found water-melons, Casanova melons and cantaloupes, spinach, green corn, cucumbers, bell and chili peppers, tomatoes, green peas, beans, lettuce, carrots, celery (one bunch, of five stalks, washed clean and less their roots, weighed fifteen pounds, one bunch, of six stalks, weighed twenty-one pounds), okra, parsnips, salsify, colorali, cabbage, squashes, beets, turnips, cauliflower and onions. Nothing is missing to-day except perhaps okra, which has probably outgrown its usefulness. Of fruits of home growth, there were apples in endless varieties, pears, quinces, peaches—none finer

— and Concord, Isabella, white Sweetwater and Delaware grapes. Agriculturally, Oregon takes a front seat.

## FRUIT-GROWING.

Another great and growing industry is a large factor in the prosperity of Portland, the growing of fruit, for which Oregon is famous. One dealer in this city has sold already this Fall seven tons of peach-pits, nearly 1,500,000 of which will be planted and budded to plums and prunes. The local nurseries are taxed to the utmost by the demands for grafted and budded stock. Within a very few years Portland will become famous as a depot for green, dried and canned fruits.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Commercial, banking, manufacturing and agricultural developments and possibilities would be of small worth if they were not supplemented by a public spirit abreast of the times in the matter of affording educational facilities to the rising generation. A glance at the engraving of the Portland High-school building, which cost \$130,000 exclusive of the ground on which it is built, which is by far the most complete and ornate on the Pacific Coast, with half a dozen other buildings not as expensive or ornate, but fully in keeping with the High-school building, at once the pride and ornament of the city, affords ample evidence that Portland needs no spur in this direction. The private educational institutions of the city, notably those under the charge of the Episcopal and Catholic Churches, are far-famed for the excellence of their work.

## CHURCHES, LIBRARIES AND HOSPITALS.

Portland is, in no sense of the word, lacking in the above-named indispensable adjuncts of a prosperous and progressive American city. All of the leading religious denominations are domiciled in attractive places of worship. It is expected that within a year the already excellent collection of books constituting her public library will be removed to a suitable building, the funds for the erection of which are rapidly being accumulated. Excellent hospitals under the management of the Catholics, the Episcopalians and the Methodists are in operation.

## HOTELS.

The rapid increase of the growth of population and the continually enlarging tide of tourist travel has made it necessary to supplement the already fine hotel system of Portland with a building commensurate with growing demands. The engraving on another page shows the new "Portland," the name to be given to the splendid building now in course of erection, as it will appear when completed next year, when it will challenge comparison with any hotel on the Coast in all its appointments. That the caterer will have an ample market to draw upon, plies from, in addition to the fruits and vegetables already enumerated, I mention what the sea, the lakes, the rivers, the brooks, the forests and the fields of Oregon contributed to game and fish stalls of Portland on the same day I took a note of the vegetables and fruits in market: Elk, bear-meat and venison, wild geese, widgeon, mallard and teal duck (canvas-back in season), jack-snipe, plovers, grouse, pheasants and quail; salmon, salmon-trout, brook-trout, rock-cod, smelt, flounder, halibut, tom cod, herring (shad in season), grilse, oysters, Coast and Eastern, crabs, clams, rock-oysters, crawfish and sturgeon—one of which weighed, head, fins and tail off, 390 pounds. Beef, mutton, pork and domestic fowl of the best quality are always in market.

## HOMES AND CLUBS.

The homes of Portland are far-famed for their beauty, hospitality and attractive surroundings. There are numbers of them representing values from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each, occupying, as they do, severally, a whole block in the centre of the city. Club life has its representatives in the Arlington, Concordia and others, to which the sojourner, properly introduced, is always made welcome.

## THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

The amount of money expended upon public and private buildings in Portland during the present year will, according to careful estimates, exceed the amount expended during the past year by nearly half a million dollars. Among the notable additions to the architectural beauties of the city may be mentioned the new hotel, to cost half a million; the First Presbyterian Church, \$120,000; Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, \$40,000; the new Jewish synagogue, \$60,000; the Industrial Exhibition Building, \$50,000; the Charles E. Litton block, \$50,000, and the N. J. Blugen block, \$50,000; the S. G. Reed block, \$50,000, and the C. H. Dodd block, \$62,000; besides many others too numerous to mention.

## TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

Well-appointed steamer lines to San Francisco on the south and Alaska on the far north, and railroads—the Northern Pacific, the Oregon Railway and Navigation, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific—make Portland neighbor to the whole world. Located in the very centre of as grand and sublime scenery as is to be found upon the earth, and commanding, from her heights, an unsurpassed panorama of mountain, hill, valley, plain and river; the mistress of an enormous, a permanent and a constantly increasing trade, which her far-seeing merchants and manufacturers have built up by hard work and close attention; a stranger to the illusory and feverish and disappointing excitements of "the boom method," she

invites inspection, and confidently assures those who desire to come this way that in this brief article not half has been told of the inducements which the city offers to the capitalist, the manufacturer, and to those generally in search of a field for the exercise of intelligent faculties for "making their way in the world."

A. T. HAWLEY.

## WE MEET NO MORE.

WE meet no more as once we met,  
When Hope's sweet star shone bright above;  
That star whose light long since has set  
Upon the ashes of our love!  
Each throbbing heart, that could not hide  
The love that faded all too soon,  
Now pulses calmly as the tide  
That ebbs and flows beneath the moon.

We meet no more as those should meet  
Whose vows were pledged in days gone by;  
We seek no more the love-glance sweet,  
But pass with cold, averted eye.  
And yet, perchance, some by gone dream,  
Some cherished hope Time could not quell,  
Still haunts us with the mocking gleam  
Of Memory's most maddening spell!

We meet, but oh! we meet not now  
As once we met, in days gone by;  
The seal of Time has stamped my brow,  
And dimmed the lustre of thine eye.  
We may not bridge the gulf of years,  
We may not brave relentless Fate,  
We can but shed remorseful tears,  
And mourn the hopes made desolate.

HELEN W. CLARK.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE SEASON.

## A LOVE STORY.

WHEN Hugh Lawton reached the Club-house to keep an engagement to dine with his friends, Meserole and Conway, he seemed nervous and somewhat excited. Several of his acquaintances noticed his agitation, but he hesitated to join his party, and thereby escaped explanations. The trio were soon seated in a comfortable corner, away from the other occupants of the well-filled dining-room. They were near enough to their neighbors, however, to hear the drift of conversation going on, and an occasional mention of the names of the famous singer, Miss Leigh, and the Musical Director of the Academy was audible to them.

Conway, the youngest of the company, cautiously remarked:

"A hateful story that, about Herr Zadell and Miss Leigh?"

"What in Heaven's name can any one say of Agnes Leigh that is not beautiful and kind?" exclaimed Lawton.

"Nothing that is true, certainly; but the rivalry between the two musical factions is so great that the weaker side scruples at nothing to injure Zadell's position."

"You saw what the *Leader* said to-night?"

"No; I read the *Call*, and learned from it that it was understood that Miss Leigh's reason for sacrificing her financial interests by remaining with the Academy people, when the Opera-house management had made her the great offer it had, was due to Herr Zadell's personal influence with her. Also, that Zadell refused the summons to return to Europe to lead the Imperial Orchestra because of his infatuation for Miss Leigh."

"Meserole," said Lawton, "how can men deliberately print such horrible slanders? It stifles me to hear that lovely woman's name handled in this way."

Lawton's friends, knowing his personal regard for the lady, tried to drop the subject, but he continued:

"This attack was well-timed. The concert beginning to-night, the public will naturally read everything concerning these people with eagerness. I am glad we had planned to go, and we will stop at Goodman's and get her some flowers."

"I was told just now," Conway said, "that Miss Leigh was informed yesterday that there would be an attack made upon Herr Zadell, and was asked if she would appear in that case?"

"And what was the reply?"

"Simply, that she would sing at the concert."

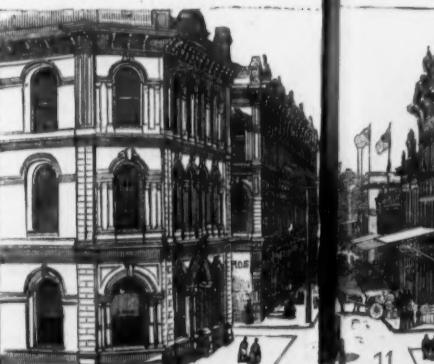
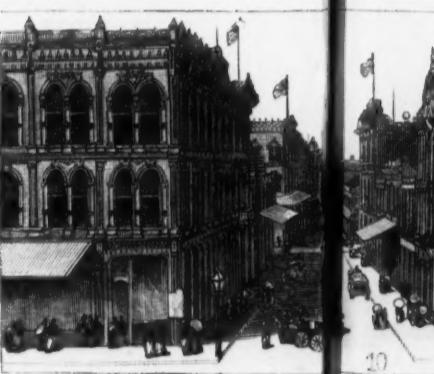
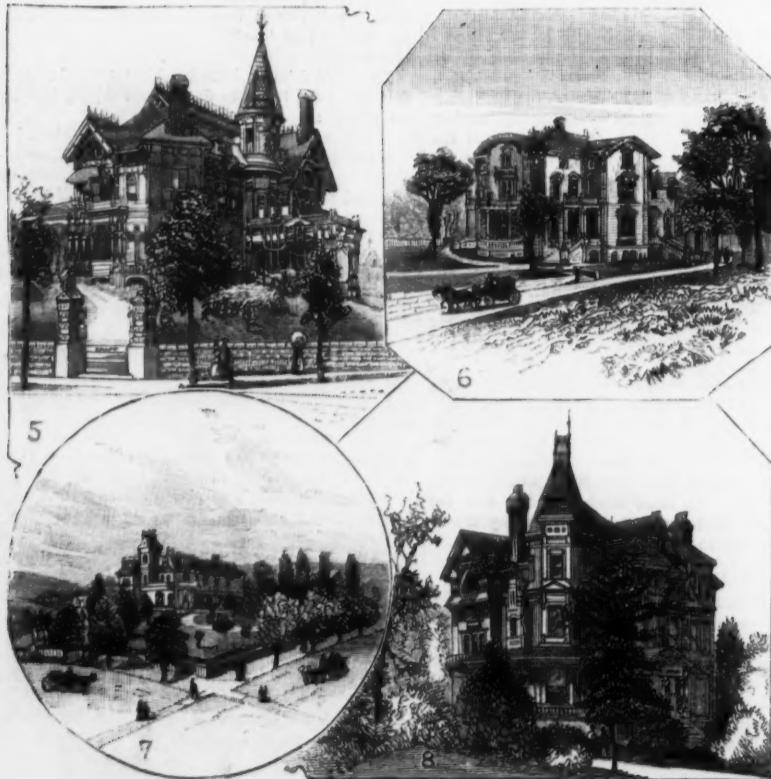
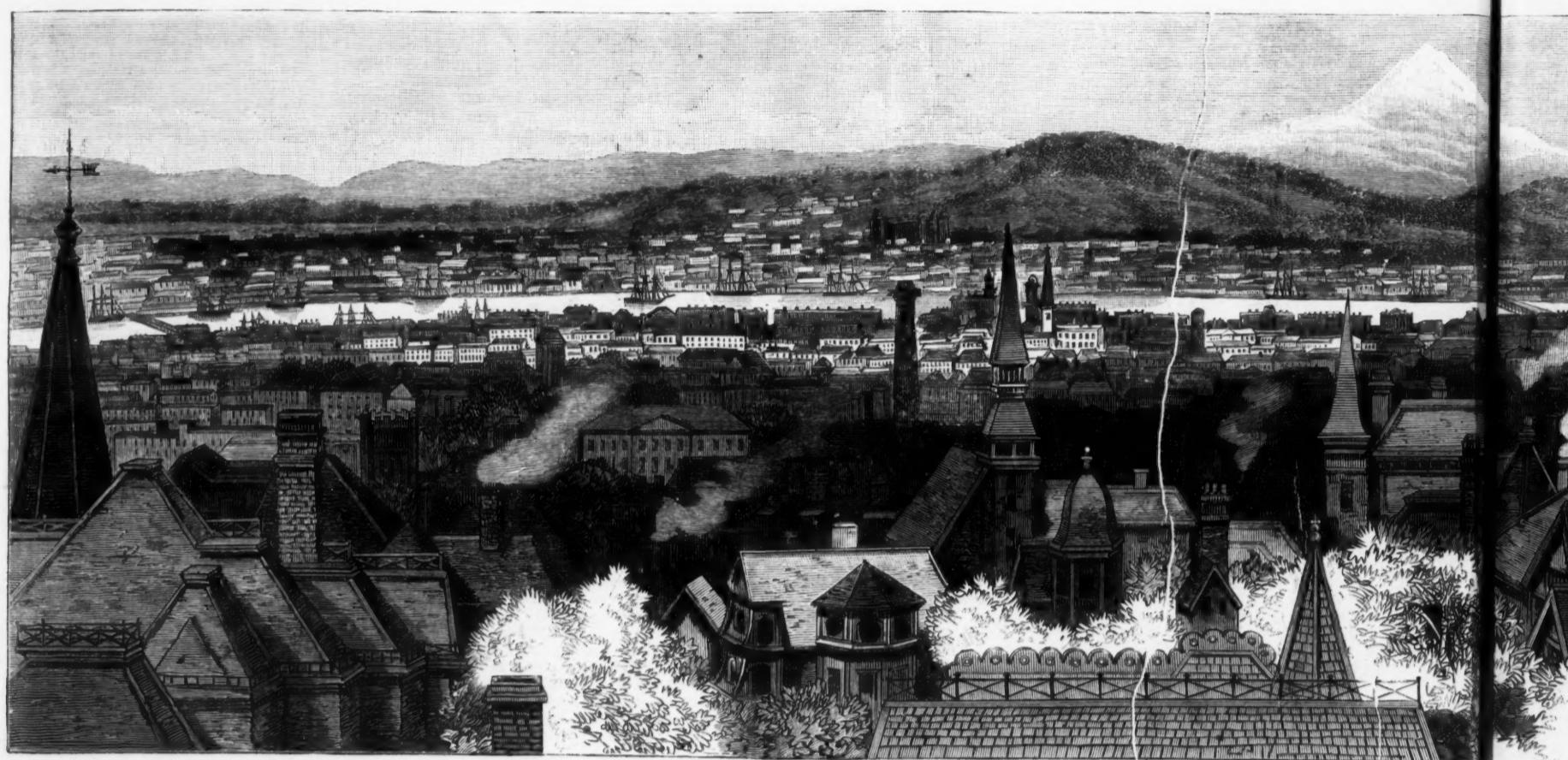
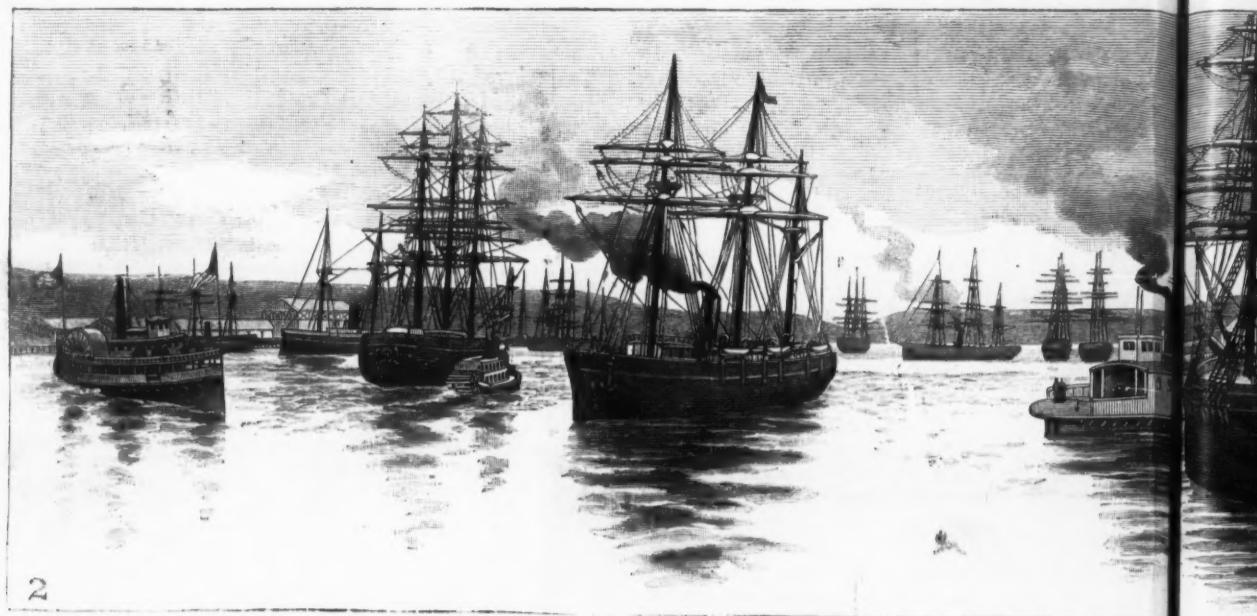
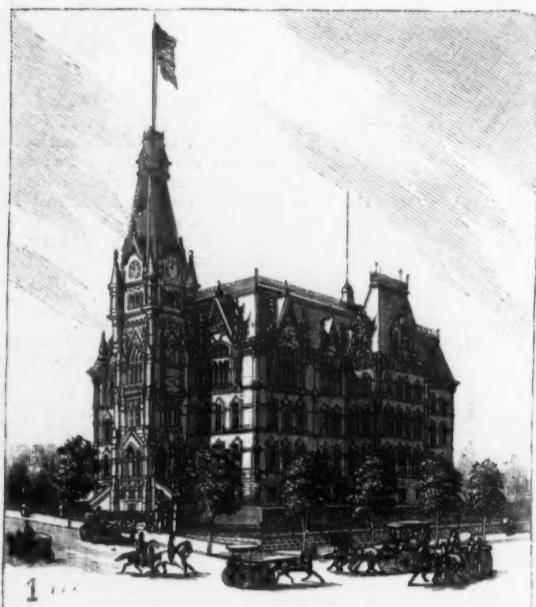
"The sleuth-hounds will not intimidate her, I can assure you; but it is very hard for a woman of her refinement to be compelled to bear such vulgar gossip."

"She will create a *furore* to-night, I hope. I should like to see her move Herr Zadell to relax somewhat his dignity and cold reserve."

"Why, Meserole," interjected Conway, "did you not see him the night she sang the 'Jewel Song'? His face flushed with pleasure, and the orchestra nodded. Zadell could not control himself, but, by Jove, she deserved his applause, for she sang like a bird from paradise."

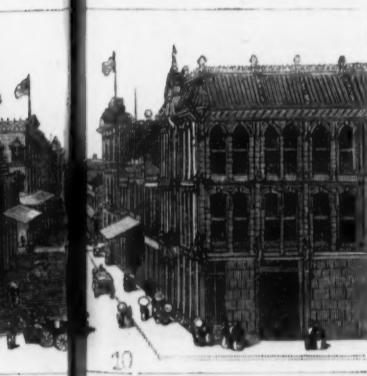
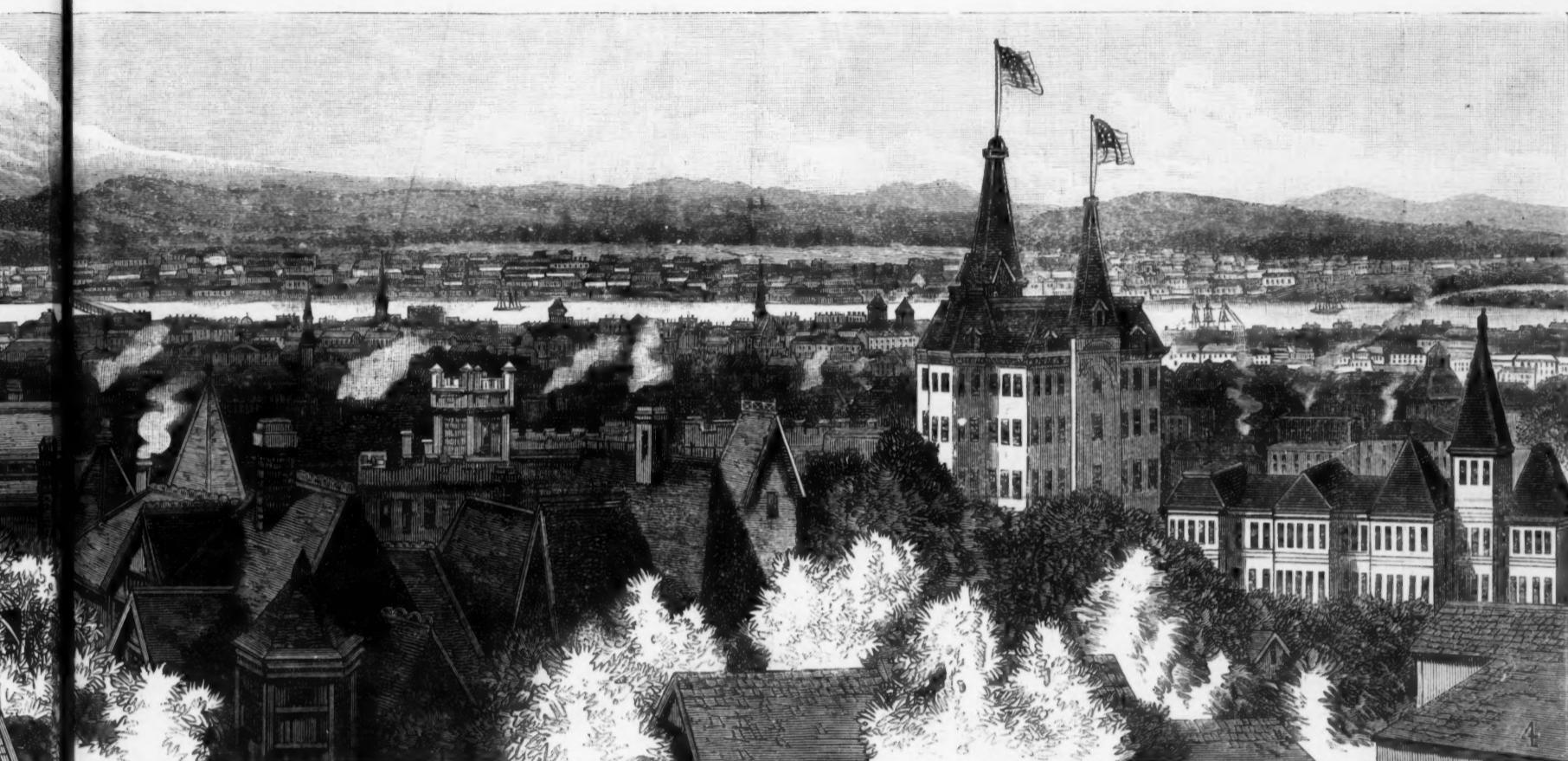
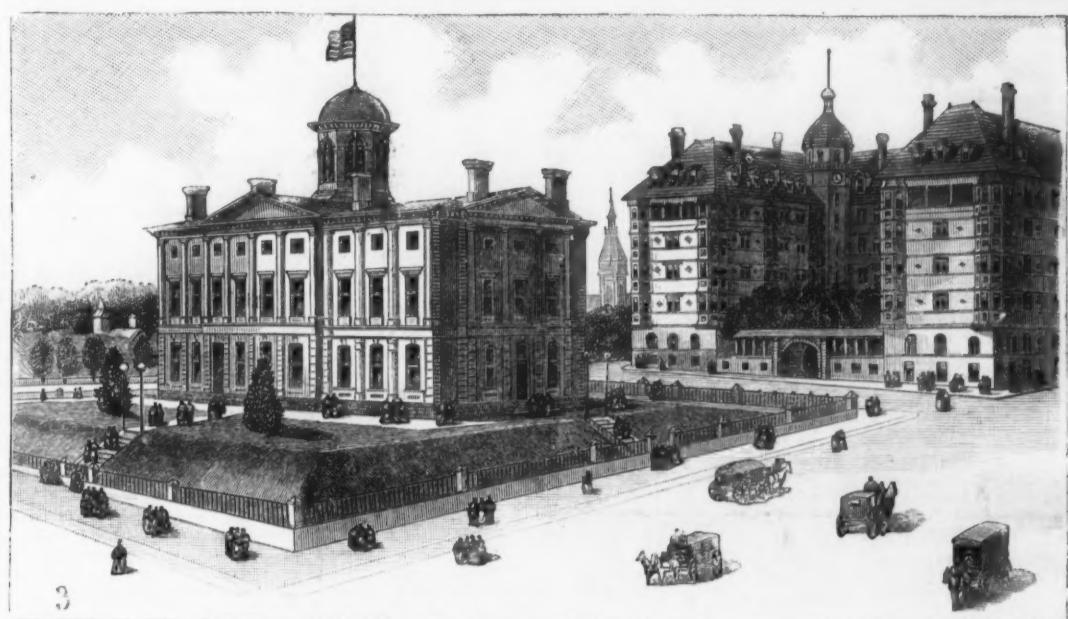
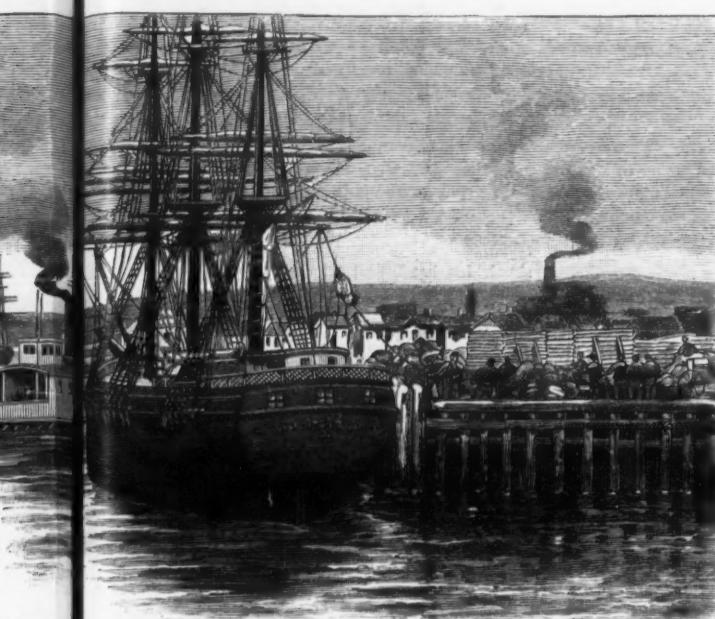
"You are somewhat enthusiastic, Conway," answered Meserole.

"True, I am," he rejoined; "and I feel, with Lawton, that it is a great outrage to couple her name with even so blameless a man as Herr Zadell. But I confess to a belief that he admires her extremely, for I have seen his face kindle with gratification when she would happen to glance up at him while singing. She certainly has a winning, expressive smile, and is not chary of it with him. And he—well, he is an Apollo, with his beautiful form and wonderfully sensitive face. The fact is, he is just the man that a woman like Miss Leigh would love. Just you wait and see."



1. HIGH SCHOOL. 2. HARBOR SCENE, LOOKING DOWN THE WILLAMETTE. 3. POST-OFFICE, AND "THE PORTLAND" HOTEL. 4. GLIMPSE OF PORTLAND FROM THE WESTERN RESIDENCE.  
11. FRONT STREET, NORTH FROM ALDER. 12. JEWISH SYNAGOGUE. 13, 14, 15, 16. MOUNT HOOD.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON, THE TROPOLIS  
FROM SKETCHES BY F. LESLIE'S PHOTOS.—S.



the effect of these attacks upon her. She is a generous soul, and if Zadell is used ill, she will take his part and show her friendship for him in an unmistakable manner."

"Come, come, Conway, you have said enough. We must be going if we are to be there in season;" and as Lawton's remark was ended, the friends rose and left the dining-room.

"If I had known of this earlier, the programme should have been changed and you excused to-night. Now I can only put Antsey in my place and save you the annoyance my presence might inflict."

Thus wrote the director to Miss Leigh, late in the afternoon of the concert, and Herr Antsey delivered it in person.

"The master must appear with me; why does he act so foolishly?"

"Miss Leigh, he seeks only to serve you: pity him."

"He is not a guilty man—why should I pity him? Does he let a newspaper slander affect his treatment of me?" asked Miss Leigh.

"Oh, lady, he scarcely dares to trust himself where you might receive a slight. His feelings make it hard for him."

The woman noticed that the speaker's eyes were full of tears, and she extended her hand to him, at the same time assuring him of her wish to do all she could for Herr Zadell.

"You are so good!" the impulsive man exclaimed, "and I will tell him. Oh, if you knew what he has suffered, you would know how he loves you, Miss Leigh."

"Tell him I insist upon his leading for me," she said, gently.

Herr Antsey took her hand and raised it reverently to his lips; and then he hastened away.

Striding impatiently up and down his room, the agitated man waited for the return of his friend, and when he saw him coming he could scarcely wait to hear the reply to his message.

"Oh, she was so good and kind, Zadell; she is not caring for all that talk, and says you must lead for her."

"God bless her!" the master responded, and then he turned away to the window, remaining there silent and *distrait* for some time.

The crowd that filled the Academy in every part was an expectant one, and many outside who could not gain admission kept up a commotion that was heard throughout the building.

The musicians were in their places early, and to the disappointment of many, Herr Antsey led the orchestra. The overture to "Lenora" was beautifully rendered, but there was a restlessness in the throng that was unusual and ominous.

Miss Leigh had arrived early, and with the aid of the manager had reached her room without attracting attention. She was alone, her maid remaining outside to prevent intrusion. She was contending with emotions that were not calmed by the certainty that the master would soon come to her, and while she longed, she yet dreaded to see him. She lay reclining on the sofa, waiting for the concert to begin. Suddenly she experienced a sensation of falling, and then there was a rush of sounds through her head, and while she was conscious, or herself, it seemed an age to her since she had been left alone. She was under some spell, and shaking with cold and terror, she lay unable to speak or to move herself. She did not hear the door open, or see the anxiety depicted on the master's face as he hastened to her side. Lifting her up, he seated himself beside her, and laid her head on his shoulder. The nearness to her and her helplessness was too much for his self-control, and bending over her, he kissed her passionately and spoke her name entreatingly. Then he made a movement to rise and call for help, but at that moment she languidly opened her eyes and looked up into his face. She seemed not disturbed by his presence; in truth, she nestled closer to him, and when he drew her to him with a convulsive clasp she smiled contentedly. The death-like whiteness of her face vanished gradually, and when she had regained her full consciousness she said:

"I was ill, master, and I dreamed that I saw you murdered."

"My love!" he whispered.

"What makes it seem so natural for me to be beside you? I feel as if I had been in your arms before, and yet I never have been, master."

"You have been longed for ardently and fervently, my love."

She was weak and faint, but the closing strains of the overture roused her thoroughly, and she sat up, saying: "I had forgotten the concert, master."

"This is the happiest moment of my life, my darling; let me prolong it a little."

She smiled and put her hand up to his face, and stroked it softly.

"Some one will come soon, and before I give you up I want you to kiss me; will you, love?"

For answer, she folded her arms about his neck and kissed his brow and lips.

Herr Zadell was greatly touched by her sweet and trustful affection, and said, in a husky voice: "Oh, I have no words to thank you for your gift to me, but I love you with my whole heart, my beloved."

The maid's knock reminded them that they were not to remain alone, and as Herr Zadell opened the door, the manager came in, too much excited to notice the embarrassment of the two people before him.

"How can you people sit her quietly talking together when there is so much excitement going on outside? Herr Zadell must not appear until after the intermission, and Antsey will lead for you, Miss Leigh."

"Master will lead for me, Mr. May."

"But, my dear lady, you must not be subjected to the treatment those cura are prepared to give Zadell."

"Yes," was the latter's reply; "she must be spared that."

The woman slipped her hand in his, saying:

"With you, dear master, or not at all!"

Herr Zadell's flushed face amused the manager, who exclaimed: "Bravo, Miss Leigh! If you carry that look and manner towards Zadell you will win the fight. The first outbreak will be the worst, and if your courage can stand that test, the house will rise to you."

The master's lips quivered as he looked upon the woman so dear to him, but he controlled his emotion, and quietly remarked: "Have no fear, Mr. May."

"Indeed, I won't!" cried the delighted manager, grasping Miss Leigh's disengaged hand. "Now I must leave you, for I want to run round to the front before you go on."

He was gone, and the two stood looking into each other's eyes. The lover took her hand, saying, solemnly: "Whatever comes, in all time you are mine, love?"

"In all time and eternity," she answered as solemnly, and the kiss that sealed this sacred compact was given and received with deep emotion.

Herr Antsey's voice in the hall caused a hurried leave-taking, and the master stepped out to meet him.

Miss Leigh heard her name, but the hurried words of the excited man she did not catch as she hastily adjusted her toilet, caught up her music, and went out to join them. Herr Zadell's face wore a deeply troubled look as his assistant said:

"I must lead for you, Miss Leigh. There will be a row otherwise."

Miss Leigh took Herr Zadell's arm, and said to her friend: "Master will lead for me."

Herr Antsey looked at her face, and then, without speaking, bowed and led the way.

The door was thrown open, and Miss Leigh stepped into public view. As the audience saw the leader come forward holding her hand, there was a breathless silence, which she ended by speaking to her companion with a bright smile on her face.

Then there was a tremendous outburst of applause, which lasted while the singer acknowledged her reception. Herr Zadell stood beside her until she turned to him to signify her readiness to begin, and then he stepped to the conductor's stand and took up his baton. As he raised it a din of sounds greeted him, horns predominating. The sounds all came from one portion of the house, and there was an effort made to stop them by many in the audience.

The orchestra was unable to respond to the signal given to begin, and the scene was indescribable. It was a time of supreme agony to Herr Zadell, but not to the woman who loved him.

She stood composedly looking at the house while the din prevailed, and did not flinch when a nosegay of vegetables fell near her. Inspired by her love, she deliberately dropped her music at her feet, watched it until it fell, then turned a radiant face to the master, held out her hand to him, and as he stood beside her she took his arm, and as deliberately as though in a ball-room promenade walked towards the rear. The musicians, seeing her courage and loyalty to their leader, rose to their feet, shouting, and the horns blew a loud *fanfare*.

The effect upon the audience was electrical, and women now sprang to their feet, waving handkerchiefs, while men excitedly called both Miss Leigh and Zadell back to their presence.

Miss Leigh led the master forward, and disengaging her hand from his arm, courtesied low to him, avoiding his restraining hand. This act put the audience to the test, and it responded to the woman's challenge generously. Herr Zadell was forced to turn and bow his acknowledgments, and then to wait until the excited people had paid Miss Leigh the homage they felt. Herr Zadell's eyes were fastened upon the lovely woman, and though he was savage over the strain put upon her by his enemies, he was exultant at seeing the power she exercised over the audience, handling it as a child would a toy. His face betrayed the conflicting feelings raging within him, and gave those who watched him an opportunity to see how oblivious he was to everything but Miss Leigh.

It reacted in his favor, and when the orchestra began the prelude to the song she was to sing, he was as firmly reinstated in public esteem as he had been before the attack.

Grateful for the silence, the singer poured out her wealth of voice with a joyous spirit that was bewitching and irresistible.

In the excitement that followed she tried to hasten away, but again and again she was recalled, and each time she went forward she compelled recognition to be given the conductor by the winsome deference and honor she showed him. At last Zadell led her out of sight, and exhausted, she reached her room and sat down with the delighted people who gathered about her.

"It was the world or Love, and Love has triumphed," whispered Meserole to Lawton, who had watched Miss Leigh with painful anxiety from the moment he saw her enter with Zadell. His first feeling had been that she should let him fight his battle alone; but seeing her victory, he was glad of her courage. He saw what Meserole had divined, that it was love which had impelled her to the course she followed. A feeling less strong would have been insufficient to nerve her to the rare composure she had manifested.

A man in front of the trio remarked to his companion:

"You are mistaken; Miss Leigh is not interested in Herr Zadell beyond her artistic success. She was nettled to-night, and stood by him because she wanted him to lead for her; but she is the finest of singers, and she would not marry him."

Lawton heard this assertion, but said nothing. Conway, less discreet, whispered:

"He deserves her; he was a very Norse god in

his reserve towards the audience, yet how true a knight he was to the fair Agnes. Look at May," he added; "he looks cheerful enough over Zadell's triumph, doesn't he?"

"Zadell's triumph, indeed," retorted Meserole; "it was the sweet woman beside him who covered the breach and carried everything before her."

The second part of the programme was a never-to-be-forgotten feast to the music-lovers present. It ended in an impromptu ovation from the musicians to both Miss Leigh and Herr Zadell, and by every demonstration possible they expressed their gratitude to them both for the spirit they had exhibited.

"Is it all a dream?" he asked her, when they had reached her home and were alone together.

"Hardly," she laughingly replied, "since you are here in my parlor and I am in your arms."

"Agnes, we have left the world behind us. Are you willing to go into the future with me?"

"Yes," she replied, looking up into his face, wondering at his grave manner.

"I long to question you regarding the state I found you in to-night. What had been the matter when I went to you. You lay like one dead at first, and then you seemed agitated and frightened. I was just about putting you out of my arms to call for aid when you recovered enough to recognize me. You were choking, and could not speak; but there was no mistaking the content which you manifested when I drew you closer to me. Were you quite aware who it was who held you?"

"There was no doubt in my mind, dear master, and your nearness to me brought back my reason to me. I was in a trance or nightmare, and I saw dreadful pictures or scenes."

She put her hands to her face, and the master said:

"Do not talk of it if it affects you, darling."

"Nothing can long affect me now, since I am happy. I trembled for a moment just then when I thought of how I saw you in that horrid obsession."

"How did you see me?"

"I was nervous and anxious about you when I saw the unruly crowd before the doors of the Academy, and as I reached my room I told Nettie to admit no one until you came. I thought I would rest, and I lay down on the sofa. In a flash it seemed to me I was falling down a great precipice, and finally I saw a panoramic view of events with which I had been identified at some time, in some way. I saw you at my side, and then some dreadful outbreak occurred, and you were murdered at my feet. The sight of that loved face—for you seemed to be my husband then—cold in death, paralyzed me. I tried to scream for help, but I could utter no sound. The first relief I had was from the warmth of your kisses upon my face. Then, when I saw, instead of the dead of my dream, your dear face close beside me, the revulsion of feeling was very great, and I dare say I shocked you with the delight I showed in being in your arms."

"And was it not until then that you felt love for me?" the man asked, anxiously.

"Oh, master, I did not need to go into a trance, or any other abnormal state, to know our mutual feelings. You were particularly clear to me to-night because I realized the possible injury that might be done you, and I was nervous lest in my excitement I would bid discretion defiance and make too plain the feelings I entertained."

The master smiled, and kissed her brow, which rested near his lips.

"I feel so entirely at one with you, master, that I cannot resist the belief that we have been together before in some other life, and were united in a previous existence."

"I do not know about that, my darling, but I have loved you since the day I met you, and I have known no other way to think of you than as my own."

For answer, she clasped her arm closer about his neck.

"My Agnes, there is something I must speak of to you now, though I realize your weariness, and I ought to go and let you retire."

"I am resting here, master, and I want to hear all you have to say to me. We are both at home, so you are free to speak."

He was touched by her speech, and tenderly caressed her.

"We are public property, my love, and anything will be said in to-morrow's papers. I am foolish, perhaps, but I have a strong desire to have you—"

"What is it, master?" she said, looking into his face; "what do you hesitate to say?"

"Dear one, that you should be my wife—"

The door-bell was rung, and both were surprised that any one should come so late.

"It must be Mr. May or Herr Antsey, come to tell me some news," she said, as the door was opened and the servant announced Mr. Lawton.

"My excuse, Miss Leigh, in calling at this late hour is to inquire if I can serve you? I have been with several newspaper men, and from their conversations I fear they will pain you by their fulsome on the one hand, and, on the other, by the injustice they will do Zadell. He is charged by the opposition with cowardice, and the *Leader* will say that but for your protection of him while on the stage they would have ended his professional career."

Herr Zadell sprang to his feet, but the detaining hand of Miss Leigh drew him back to his position beside her.

"I am sorry, Zadell, to have to repeat such cruel things, but there is yet time to get the papers friendly to you—to say the right words, and I came to Miss Leigh to learn them."

Both expressed their thanks for the thoughtfulness of his act, and Herr Zadell remarked that he should not take the least notice of the charge were it not for Miss Leigh.

"Dear Mr. Lawton," said she, "if you know the true state of affairs you can then advise the right course;" and rising, she stood beside the master, resting her hand on his shoulder and, blushing deeply, said: "Herr Zadell is my betrothed husband."

Greatly surprised, the guest rose, and taking both their hands, earnestly congratulated them. Afterwards they talked of the plans to be devised to counteract the efforts of the leader's enemies to make his position with the public untenable.

"If the announcement of your engagement could be made to the papers to-night, Zadell, it would completely destroy the effect of the sensational stories now being prepared for to-morrow's papers."

Herr Zadell shook his head, and Miss Leigh laughingly remarked that such a course was opposed to his ideas of propriety.

"But," she added, "this gossip must be stopped; and I ask you, Mr. Lawton, to say that I have authorized the announcement of my engagement to Herr Zadell, as a matter of common justice to that gentleman, or words to that effect."

"Oh, how unselfishly kind you are! I am not worthy of your generosity," was Herr Zadell's response.

"Nevertheless, she is very wise, Zadell," replied Mr. Lawton. "She thus ends the whole matter and places you aright. I think I will go now and see what I can accomplish; only let me give you one piece of advice, Miss Leigh."

"Yes, do."

"Stop the fight of the factions—which is over you, after all—and end the attacks upon Zadell, by marrying him."

"I was urging her to this course when you came in, Mr. Lawton, and I thank you for the aid you give me."

"Let us wait until to-morrow before we plan further," was the smiling reply, to which both men assented, and the guest departed.

"Agnes," whispered the happy lover, holding her close to him, just before leaving her, "do not call me 'master' any more; say the dear name you will soon give me."

"My husband!"

"My wife! my love! Angels keep you!" and embracing her again, he said Good-night and was gone.

The lovers were greatly amused next morning when they compared the many comments made upon the news which Mr. Lawton had furnished to them. "This one declares the engagement of